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The Week

THE dispatches from Washington question whether the administration will act promptly upon the resolution of the Senate and withdraw the thousand American troops that remain at Coblenz. Yet it certainly has every reason to act promptly and if possible to give the order for withdrawal on the day that the French army marches into the Ruhr. This would be one way of warning France of the profound disapproval with which the United States regards her present conduct. But while it is one way, it is not a sufficient way. It should be accompanied by an emphatic public declaration that the American government will refuse to recognize any rights which the French claim as the consequence of the occupation of the Ruhr, that it will refuse to enter a European conference until the troops are unconditionally withdrawn and that, if it participated in any subsequent European conference, it would support a demand by Germany for indemnification from any damage which resulted from the French seizure.

A HEADLINE in one of the New York daily papers reads: "Poincaré dreads German passive resistance most." Of course he does. So did Lloyd George in May and early June, 1919. The English Premier knew that a refusal by Germany to sign the Treaty would place the Allies in an impossible position and eventually necessitate a modification of its terms. But the German Republic signed and so started on its career by committing a huge and probably an irremediable mistake. It will now have to endure the same kind of punishment which it would have suffered in 1919 by refusing to sign. The French government will declare Germany in voluntary default and liable practically to any penalties which the French in their wisdom may decide to impose. The only difference is that having signed the Treaty she is now legally liable to those penalties, whereas, if she had not signed, the French would not have possessed a legal pretext. The Treaty itself was only a method of waging war under the forms of peace. For that reason Germany should never have signed and she should take the opportunity of the renewal by the French of a frank military policy to repudiate her signature. No German government can honestly promise to carry out the provisions of a document that is ruinous to Germany. The sooner a German government says so the better. If France insists on the Treaty, the whole Treaty and nothing but the Treaty, let her take over the business of governing Germany.

HOW far the French policy proves to be disastrous for Europe will in large measure depend upon the way in which the German nation reacts to the French invasion. It has just one chance of using the French violence for its own benefit and that of Europe. It can offer firm, quiet, passive resistance to the French attack. If it takes its punishment standing up, avoids petty and futile violence of act and language and insists unflinchingly upon the barbarism of punishing a nation for failing to perform an impossibility, it will soon create an amount of resistance to the French policy all over the world which the French government cannot ignore. The resistance will take the form

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of economic pressure. American investors will sell French securities. French credit will suffer. The franc will go down. The position of France will become impossible and her rulers will have to revise their policy. The Germans have an opportunity of doing quite as much harm to France by a policy of passive resistance as the French have of injuring Germany by a military invasion. We hope they will put it to good use. They should be thankful to M. Poincaré for ending the humiliation of the last three years and for giving Germans a chance of acting once again like self-respecting men.

BECAUSE the British position in the unsuccessful Paris negotiations was more moderate than the French, the impression has been created that the solution proposed by Bonar Law might have worked. That is far from the truth. So far as the differences between the Premiers turned on the amount of the indemnity to be exacted, they were fought out in the thin air of unrealities. They concerned the disposition of the Class C bonds, which represent nothing but a claim that is so excessive that nobody not an idiot would pay out good money to acquire the whole of it. Bonar Law would put the principal of the indemnity in the form of two series of bonds, the first, of fifty billion gold marks, which in view of the payments in cash and kind that Germany has already made, is a sum vastly in excess of Germany's just liability, as it is in excess of her ability to pay. The second series of bonds was to be for 17,310,000,000 gold marks, to be distributed among the Allies in the proportion of their debts to America. This hints at another attempt to give us a chance to cancel Allied debts by accepting worthless German paper in lieu of the Allied obligations. The British were much more lenient than the French in their interest and moratorium provisions, but, like the French, relied on force as the ultimate guarantee of the arrangement. In the future, when matters go badly with German and European recovery, the British will try to make us believe that all would have been well if their plan had been accepted. Matters would go just as badly under their plan. Their dose of poison was not so big as the French, but it was big enough to kill.

MORE alien labor, if we are to believe the National Manufacturers' Association, is the key to restoring our economic system to full health. The farmers need it, the transportation and construction industries are languishing for it. American and Americanized laborers, it is argued, refuse to do the kind of work new immigrants are eager to do, and on which our industrial system rests. The argument would be terrifying, if it were valid. It would prove that our industrial civilization was going the way of Roman capitalism. The Roman landlord-capitalist viewed the matter in a light that would appeal to our captains of industry. The broad fields of Italy and the near provinces were crying for labor. Home bred slaves were too soft, too costly to maintain, too clever at sabotage. Replace them with Syrians, Thracians, Numidians, captives from the German forests or the steppes of the Black Sea. That would benefit the home grown slaves, too, since it would produce a surplus the master could squander on them. The theory of American democracy happens to differ from that of Roman imperialism. We conceive that work exists for man, not man for work. Any job that cannot maintain its man according to the standards of respectable living is a job we do not need in our economic system. It is not true that American laborers refuse jobs that afford living conditions. There are always hundreds of thousands of unemployed, ready to jump at them. And the proper function of our captains of industry is to find out how common labor can be made attractive enough to meet the requirements of self-respecting American laborers. To sidestep the problem by combing the world for workers wretched enough to accept jobs however degrading and miserable is to attempt to play the rôle of Roman slave drivers in an age when that sort of thing produces swiftly its consequences of disorder and decay.

IN the legislative program which he proposed in his first message, Governor Smith of New York has attempted faithfully and intelligently to redeem his pre-election promises. His program consists in part of a repudiation of the policy of his predecessor and in part of welfare legislation and administrative reconstruction. He occupies stronger ground in his destructive than he does in his constructive proposals. If he can succeed as he proposes, in repealing the Lusk bills and getting rid of the movie censorship he will sufficiently have earned the gratitude of the present and future citizenry of New York. The administrative supervision of morals, opinions and education which this legislation introduced began a sinister and subversive experiment which, if it is allowed to survive and grow, will be far more dangerous to traditional American institutions than any mere socialistic propaganda could possibly be. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Smith can obtain the votes of enough "liberal" Republicans to pass his repealing bills. In his proposed home rule legislation he occupies weaker ground. In his reaction against the centralizing tendencies of the Republican public service legislation, he seems to have gone to an opposite extreme and to have proposed to bestow on municipalities an amount of autonomous power which they could not efficiently exercise. The distribution of functions between local and state governments is more a matter of administrative convenience than it is of democratic principle.

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JUSTICE OLSON of Chicago has prepared, for submission to the Illinois General Assembly, a most model bill to check the multiplication of the unfit. The law proposes a survey of the population of the state, to ferret out the "socially inadequate." These are to be haled into court and if found guilty of inadequacy, on report of the state eugenicist, are to be gently but firmly sterilized. By the "socially inadequate" are meant (1) feeble-minded; (2) insane; (3) criminalistic (including the delinquent and wayward); (4) epileptic; (5) inebriates (including drug habitués); (6) diseased (including the tuberculous, the syphilitic, the leprous and others with chronic, infectious and segregable diseases); (7) blind (including those with seriously impaired vision); (8) deaf (including those with seriously impaired hearing); (9) deformed (including the cripples), and (10) dependent (including orphans, ne'er do wells, the homeless, tramps and beggars). From this catalogue we surmise that Chicago is developing, in Judge Olson, a new and subtle humorist. It's a risky thing to subtract from a humorous performance or add to it. But we can't refrain from asking Judge Olson why he did not add an eleventh category, to take in those individuals who strut about parading the quaint illusion that science has picked them out as the prize breeding stock of creation.

ON December 16th Mr. Snyder, Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs of the House of Representatives, introduced a bill "to ascertain and settle the title to lands and waters in New Mexico, etc.," which contains substantially the same provisions as the obnoxious Bursum bill. It is astonishing to see the old bill resurrected under a disguise so thin that the deceit would be laughable, were it not for the obviously sinister tenacity of the forces which are back of both proposals. The Indians' water rights are, as in the original measure, to be adjudicated by the local New Mexican courts, thereby depriving the Indians as wards of the government of any redress for the thefts of water which the government officials representing the Indians have allowed during the last four years to go unchallenged. It also deprives the government of the responsibility and power to act for the Indians in preparing any future plan of irrigation. This section is an obvious subterfuge whereby private interests are seeking to gain possession of Indian water rights over which the national government should keep its present control not only for the benefit of the Indians but also for the benefit of the non-Indian citizens of New Mexico and for that of the general reclamation policy of the government itself.

IF outstanding ability and zeal for the public welfare are to count in determining Cabinet appointments, President Harding cannot fail to consider the qualifications of Dr. Elwood Mead of California for the post vacated by Secretary Fall. The vast domain which the Department of the Interior administers includes most of the arid and semi-arid territory of the United States. Whether it shall be utilized for the common good or abandoned to neglect and exploitation depends largely upon the public spirit and professional competence of the Secretary of the Interior. Dr. Mead knows the problem, in all its practical details, as no other living American knows it. He has had extensive experience in reclaiming arid lands and planting them with prosperous and contented settlers, both in Australia and in California. That magnificent plan of Secretary Lane's, to settle the returned soldiers on redeemed lands, was essentially nothing more than a general application of the methods which Dr. Mead had already proved can be made to work without a hitch. Another consideration of importance is that Mead in the Interior Department would work smoothly with Wallace in the Department of Agriculture. The two men know each other's work and greatly respect each other. Both are distinguished for public spirit and are thoroughly alive to the conditions of American internal development. With two such men in his Cabinet President Harding would be remarkably well equipped to direct to the best good of the country the strengthening current of agrarian sentiment.

IT is a long time since we have seen any document so intelligent, vigorous, humane and Christian as the statement on the interracial situation issued by the group of North Carolina women representing the State Federation of Women's Clubs, the State Welfare Board and the Church organizations. We give some paragraphs as sample of its quality:

> We believe that unrest existing between two different races dwelling side by side under the same economic system and the same government can be lessened, and eventually dispelled by a course of justice and fair play.
>
> We believe that every human being should be treated not as a means to another's ends, but as a person whose aspirations toward self-realization must be recognized; that we must cherish racial integrity and racial self-respect, as well as such mutual respect as will lead each to higher moral levels, to mutual trust and helpfulness.
>
> No family and no race rises higher than its womanhood. Hence, the intelligence of women must be cultivated and the purity and dignity of womanhood must be protected by the maintenance of a single standard of morals for both races.
>
> We believe that violence has no place where people lend their support in every possible way to the agencies constituted by the people for the apprehension, trial and punishment of offenders against society. We resent the assertion that criminality can be controlled by lawless outbreaks, and woman's honor protected by savage acts of revenge.

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Europe Abdicates

THE inability of the British and French governments to agree upon a common policy for the execution of the Treaty of Versailles justifies an American mind in drawing one clear and important inference. It is equivalent to the abdication for the moment by Europe of the function of self-government. The European nations have become incapable not merely of resuming their former leadership of the world but of controlling in their own interest the conduct of their common affairs. Their victory in the war left France and Great Britain the undisputed masters of the continent of Europe. Their statesmen framed the Treaty of Versailles as their instrument of government. They imposed it upon Europe without consulting the wishes, the needs and the interests of that part of the continent—Poland and Bohemia excepted—to the east of the Rhine and to the north of the mountains. They made a poor job of it—much poorer than the statesmen who framed the Treaties of Westphalia and Vienna. A few years after its ratification its makers cannot agree either to execute it, to modify it or to get rid of it. Europe is consequently deprived of any authentic body of public law or any semblance of international government. It is drifting hopelessly along on a gathering tide of dissension and disaster. Its peoples are not trying to pull together and set up for themselves a body of public law and a common sovereignty which is capable of recreating Europe. They prefer to be saved by the United States. They have practically abdicated in favor of an American hegemony.

There is no other sufficient interpretation of the proceedings of the recent conference in Paris. The political postures of the leading powers, as they were set up by that last meeting of the Supreme Council, are not only precarious and intolerable; they are meaningless. The French and British governments agreed to disagree about the disposition which they proposed to make of the life of the German people. The British publicly declared the French policy of violence to be disastrous both to Germany and to Europe. Yet even though they will not make themselves responsible for a policy of violence, they also refuse to oppose it. They stand politely and good naturedly aside and connive at a course of conduct which they declare to be ruinous. On the other hand the French, a nation of 40,000,000 people, supported doubtfully by the Belgians, the Italians, the Czechs and the Poles, have decided apparently to impose by raw violence on the rest of Europe a colossally egotistic national economic policy which will affect adversely the interests of the other peoples. All Frenchmen with any grasp of realities must understand that the permanent pursuit of this policy will ultimately involve the French nation in a more disastrous ruin than that which it will immediately visit on Germany. The explanation is that both governments are in a measure bluffing. They would not have adopted their existing behavior if they had not expected to provoke the American government to come to their assistance and assume responsibility for some kind of settlement.

During the next few weeks and months—that is, for as long as may be necessary—an increasing pressure will be brought to bear on the American government to intervene and on the American people to favor intervention. That pressure will be exerted chiefly by circumstances, but the European governments will do nothing to make it unnecessary. On the contrary they will dramatize the European predicament so that it will look utterly unmanageable without American aid and comfort. They will use the suffering of the German people, which is the inevitable and the deliberate result of their policy, as a means of obtaining American aid for themselves. They will find able allies in this country. A large, resolute, articulate and unscrupulous body of American opinion will demand intervention without any limitation of future liability. The propagandists for intervention irrespective of cost will represent it to our easily flattered fellow countrymen as the assumption on their part of the moral and political leadership of the world. The American people will resist for a while, but in the end and in one way or another they will fall for it.

The New Republic believes they should eventually fall for it. Considering their cultural and racial ties with the European peoples, they cannot refuse to go to the assistance of a disintegrating Europe, even if they realize that the task is beyond their own powers and would bring down upon their shoulders a still larger share in the consequences of Europe's errors. But we trust they will not fall for it without at least trying to make their assistance contribute to the welfare of all the European peoples. Although the American nation does not possess any sufficient superiority of material, intellectual and moral resources to justify it in assuming political leadership of Europe, and although it should remain aloof rather than become in any way responsible for the government of Europe without the consent of the defeated peoples, it would nevertheless commit a grave mistake not again to intervene provided it could return at the right moment and in the right way. The right moment will come as soon as a sufficiently large part of Europe shows some sign of being ready for self-salvation, and the right way will consist in substituting for the government by violence established by the Treaty of Versailles a government by consent.

But if the United States is to help Europe to help itself, the initiative should come from Europe and it must be the symptom of a regenerate state of mind. The assumption by this country of any responsibility for a European settlement before the victors in the war recognize the necessity of dis-

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carding the Treaty of Versailles would be costly to this country without being beneficial to Europe. The latter cannot recover without assistance, but it cannot recover with assistance unless the assistance begins by removing the cause of the trouble. The American government is consequently justified in refusing it except under conditions which promise to render its indefinite repetition unnecessary. These conditions are onerous and harsh, but their very harshness is inseparable from their availability.

The United States should, that is, remain aloof until it has some assurance that the European nations are ready to move in the direction of appeasement. It possesses one and only one extremely powerful weapon in the veiled struggle which it is now carrying on with the European governments—the weapon of its actual isolation and the consequences of the continuation of isolation as compared with the consequences of its abandonment. It should not surrender that weapon for too small a price. The trouble with the people in Europe and this country who protest against American isolation is that they are in practice willing to surrender it without stipulating any price at all. They believe so enthusiastically and indiscriminately in the participation by America in European affairs that they prefer to have us get in wrong than not to get in at all. They are willing to repeat the error of April 1917—to go in first and discuss the terms later. That is why they are all so unconditionally in favor of an economic conference under American leadership. If the American government called such a conference and implicitly promised to abide by its decisions without stipulating in advance the presence of Germany as an equal conferee and the renunciation of the Treaty of Versailles, it would place itself in the position of beginning an all important negotiation by surrendering in advance its strongest card. The United States can better afford to stay out of Europe than the European governments can afford to let it stay out. It should not go in blind as it did five years ago. It should go in with its eyes open, with its program accepted in advance, and with its own liabilities limited.

Above all it should not go in too soon. The European nations will not be ready to resume control of their own common affairs until they have discovered by experience what the consequences are of the existing government by factious violence. France is occupying the Ruhr with the active support of Italy and Belgium, with the connivance of the Little Entente and Poland, and with the benevolent neutrality of Great Britain. Thus although France is doing it almost alone, France alone is not responsible for it. All the others signed and profited by the Treaty of Versailles which provides a real justification for the existing behavior of the French government. When it starts to punish Germany by economic strangulation for failure to perform impossible demands, it is only proving its superior fidelity to the letter and the spirit of the Carthaginian peace. France's associates in the war are not willing to combine and prevent her from beginning to annihilate Germany, as they probably could, because by so doing they would compromise their own rights and profits under the Treaty. They prefer to connive at the French policy of violence. By their connivance they render immediate American intervention futile and a final demonstration of what the Treaty means a costly necessity. Not only the French people but the peoples associated with them in framing the peace need to learn by experience what the ultimate consequences are of waging war on a defeated country and calling it peace. Given their existing state of mind, it is not desirable for the United States to interrupt this process of education, costly though it be. But just as soon as they are ready to associate European reconstruction with its inevitable accompaniments—the invalidation of the Treaty and the substitution of government by consent for government by violence—then the assumption by the United States of its fair share of responsibility for European recovery becomes an obligation as well as an opportunity.

The Fruit of the Indemnity

THEOLOGIANS of future generations will find no difficulty in discerning, in the history of the present period, the hand of a wrathful God—the God of Joshua and Samuel, who did not hesitate to overwhelm the innocent in destruction that the guilty might be punished. Two unthinkable crimes have stained our time, the one actuated by overweening arrogance masquerading as patriotism, the other by overreaching cupidity masquerading as justice. These crimes were the declaration of war by Germany and the imposition of unlimited indemnities by the victorious Allies. The first crime has been expiated by the utter wreck of the Central Empires. The second crime still flaunts itself under the skies. Little by little, however, the price of it is being exacted. The break in the entente cordiale is not the first instalment claimed by the God of wrath. Nor is it likely to be the last one.

Let us trace once more, even though it is known to all men, the record of this fatal incubus upon European peace and honor. Our side, we believed passionately, was the side of democracy, of justice, of peace. The enemy was grasping cynically at power. He meant to use the victory he fondly anticipated to tear away provinces from the living flesh of the peoples he expected to vanquish. He meant to exact indemnities that would enslave whole populations for generations. Our side, in the sharpest contrast, aimed only at the liberation of all peoples, great and small, including the enemy peoples themselves, from the curse of an autocratic power that had plunged the world into the furnace of war.

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Our side wanted no territory, no loot, but only a peace based upon right. That was the faith in which millions of men fought and died. If the Allied governments, professing it in their popular propaganda, belied it in their secret treaties, nevertheless they appeared to have been overruled when America entered the war and proclaimed her war aims openly, to all appearance with the full approbation of the Allies. Down to the armistice the plain people in every country were justified in believing that the watchword of the Kerensky revolution—no annexations, no indemnities—was simply a brief expression of the common aims. The German people were warned by their government that the lofty professions of the Allies were a trick, conceived to break German morale. But the German people, in their desperate straits, were prone to believe, and their morale was in fact broken. That is why it was unnecessary to root the Germans out of every ditch and coppice to the Rhine; to force a passage and plough a way to Berlin. The victory was won by the sword, but its cost was vastly reduced by the widespread acceptance by the German people of Allied professions.

Yet the formula "no indemnities" appeared too absolute for common justice. Should France be compelled to enter the competition of nations with some of her richest territories, her most flourishing cities laid waste, while Germany could set out with all her productive machinery intact? An exception was made to the formula in the armistice negotiations. There should be no indemnity, in the proper sense of the term, but reparations for the damages to civilians and their property inflicted by the Germans. And the Germans accepted this provision. They need not have done so. They still had their armies intact. They were willing to pay the price, for the sake of peace. Prima facie, it was a fair price. The sum involved was great, presumably seven or eight billion dollars in gold. But it would not have crushed an industrial nation of the potential power Germany still had at the time of the armistice.

What happened next was one of the most signal exhibitions of bad faith in history. By the terms of the armistice the Germans surrendered their arms, yielded their positions and made themselves incapable of further resistance. Thereupon the Allied statesmen set themselves the task of discovering means of escaping their pledge. They wanted indemnities now, all they could get. The British, and especially the colonials, were disappointed with the way the pre-armistice terms would work. France would receive the major part of any payment made by Germany; Belgium would come next; England would secure compensation for shipping destroyed; Canada, South Africa and Australia would receive nothing. Therefore General Smuts invented a hocus pocus which won the adherence of President Wilson, thus leaving an indelible smudge on the two whitest characters that emerged from the war. That was, to include under damages to civilians and their property, the entire bill for pensions and separation allowances for soldiers injured in war and for the families of the slain.

By that act of chicanery the principle of reparations was repudiated and the principle of indemnity up to the limit of supposed ability to pay was substituted for it. For seven or eight billions, the full liability of Germany under the pre-armistice agreement, was substituted an indefinite sum which even after many months in which war passions were cooling, was calculated by the Reparations Commission at thirty-two billions.

So colossal an act of dishonor could not long fail of producing fruit after its kind. It was realized from the first that Germany could pay no such sum, even if she desired to do so. And it was plain as day that Germany would not attempt in good faith to live up to obligations imposed upon her by the Allies in bad faith. Hence it was necessary to constitute a Reparations Commission as a sort of board of control over the vanquished, thus sapping away the political credit of the rising democratic government of Germany. It was necessary to provide for indefinite occupation of German territory. It was necessary for France to militarize herself and insist on the intensification of Polish militarism, in order to be prepared against German insurrection. The cost of militarism, together with extravagant outlays for rehabilitation made under the illusion of German payments in future, built up the debt of France from the huge figures at which it stood at the time of the armistice to figures already far beyond the ability of the nation ever to pay in full.

The immediate effect upon Germany was, as it was intended to be, disastrous. The initial payments on reparations forced an inflation of marks which threw all economic relations into disorder. The middle classes were reduced to poverty, and the working classes and the captains of industry were left unhampered by the forces of moderation to fight over the crumbs of German prosperity. The government was reduced to insignificance and impotence. And all Central Europe was submerged in economic distress by the calamities that had befallen its chief industrial nation. Let that pass. As an offset Central Europe had gained release from the incubus of German militarism.

But it was inevitable that England, as the chief commercial nation, should share in the disaster, and hence come to her senses in regard to the indemnity question. That she could not continue to support France, voluntarily, was very soon evident. But the French could compel support, by achieving an independent diplomacy in the Near East which might gravely menace England's most vital imperial interest. Hence the French support of Angora, with its consequences, the crushing of the Greeks, the massacre or expulsion of the Christian

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minorities, the return of the Turk to Constantinople, to sow the seeds of another Balkan, perhaps another world war.

And now, after years of protesting compliance in a French policy subversive of her interests, England refuses longer to follow France on the road to disaster. Mr. Bonar Law bids farewell to M. Poincaré, sorrowfully, with many expressions of mutual respect on both sides. The French are free to do as they choose with Germany. They may invade, levy contributions and taxes, kill, burn and destroy, if they choose.

No, not if they choose, but if fate chooses. When a nation starts on that path, no one can say what it will encounter in the end. The French people have been led to believe that vast sums can be extracted from Germany, once sufficient force is applied. They have been informed officially that the solvency of the nation depends on the extraction of such sums. If moderate force does not produce them—and it will not—extreme force will have to be applied. And if this does not produce the desired results—and it will not—what then? Will the French government admit that it has led the French people on and on, by false hopes, and take the consequences? Or will it seek to maintain itself by some new coup of political brilliancy that may divert attention from the hard financial facts? New annexations, the dismemberment of Germany, or what?

The scroll of history unfolds, remorselessly.

Ku Klux and Crime

A GHASTLY crime was committed at Mer Rouge, Louisiana. Of that there is not a shadow of doubt. Two men were killed after more revolting tortures than the Spanish Inquisition or the most degenerate Roman tyrants ever conceived. Or they died under the tortures. We leave it to the medical profession to say how long a man withstands the shock of successive amputations and the slow crushing of bones. Who committed the crime? That has not been proved. Perhaps it will never be proved. But the belief is nearly universal, and is not likely ever to be dispelled, that the local Ku Klux Klan committed the crime and shielded the murderers.

And from this belief it is only a short step to the belief that the whole vast nebulous organization, with its Imperial Wizard and King Kleagles, its mummeries and monkey-shines, its Kloran mouthings and horrendous oaths, is essentially a criminal organization. By their fruits—and what kind of tree bore the gruesome horrors of Mer Rouge? But that is to oversimplify. We Americans are, after all, a moral people. There is nothing that flourishes widely among us which does not spring originally from a moral intention. Hell may be paved with such intentions but that is no reason for denying their inherent quality.

The men who make up the rank and file of the Ku Klux Klan are, most of them, good citizens, according to their lights. They take America, its present and future, with extreme seriousness. They see grave dangers rearing their heads around them. Why should they not? In every age all men who take life seriously see grave dangers rising against the things they hold most dear. Where men differ is in respect to what is to be held dear, what dangerous, and what methods shall be employed to combat evils commonly accepted as such.

The Ku Klux Klan holds that the dearest values in American life are Protestantism; white supremacy, in America and the world; Anglo-Saxon legal institutions; the system of free private enterprise, or since the word no longer carries a reproach, capitalism. These are respectable values. If one is a Protestant, white, Anglo-American, by blood or assimilation, an owner, present or prospective, of property, why should he not cherish them? Here and there you may find an individual who repudiates the principles by which he counts in life and yet retains his intellectual and moral integrity. Such cases are necessarily rare. Most men have to believe in what they are.

And those who accept the Ku Klux Klan values have their menaces cut out for them. Through immigration the Catholics and Jews have increased immensely in the last half century. As compared with the old Protestant part of the population, Jews and Catholics, but especially the latter, are steadily gaining by natural increase. Both are advancing in economic power, the Jews especially; both are winning political power, especially the Catholics. The supremacy of the white race in the United States as a whole will remain unchallenged. Yet the yellow race is taking Hawaii and the Negro race does not look forward to an indefinite period of political exclusion in the South. In the world at large white supremacy is by no means assured. Asia has gained relatively in power through the late attempt of the white race to exterminate itself on the battlefields of Europe. Japan is stronger than ever; India is exhibiting an unheard of recalcitrance; Arabia is restlessly striving for independence; the Turk is defying all Europe. In the great and increasing portion of the population that is not of Anglo-Saxon origin many naturally see a menace to Anglo-Saxon legal institutions. And as for the enemies of free enterprise and private property, their number is certainly considerable, however much one may discount both the boastings of the radicals and the quaking utterers of dire warnings employed by the conservatives to keep themselves scared.

It is superfluous to extend this catalogue of terrors, as they seem to the ordinary moral, religious Protestant American of the type which joins the Ku Klux Klan. They are sufficient to make him fear for the American Republic, as he has known

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it and loves it. Since he is typically a man of action, not of thought, he is inclined to grasp eagerly at any means of action that present themselves.

And the Klan looks like an appropriate means. It represents organization, the key to effectiveness, in the accepted American view. It is secret, and the American, as a man who talks much and boasts freely, naturally exaggerates the potency of secrecy. In consequence he has always been haunted by the fear of conspiracies, conspiracies hatched by the Pope, the Jews, the Reds, Japanese conspiracies to seize the Pacific Coast, Negro conspiracies to kill and rob and burn. Shall the Devil monopolize the good tune of secret conspiracy? We will conspire ourselves, in the Lord's name.

The motives that lead men to attach themselves to the Klan are simple, and in the vast majority of cases, we believe, honorable. And yet these honorable and patriotic men are engaged in an enterprise more dangerous to American institutions than any or all of the evils they seek to combat. They are launching an engine of violence over which, in the nature of the case, they can have no control. The Klansman in New York or Chicago could have had no hand in the crime of Mer Rouge. He could not have known of it. Still less could he have prevented it. He cannot bring the perpetrators of the crime to justice. The sum of his offence in joining such an organization as the Ku Klux Klan is that he helps to create a situation in which such crimes are bound to be committed.

In this great, heterogeneous America of ours a nation-wide society is formed, bound to secrecy and mutual support by an oath which, in the act of administering it, is declared to be the most solemn conceivable, whose violation is punishable by death. Is it not inevitable that bitter and homicidal suspicion should often be injected into communities where a society bound by such an oath operates? Is it not inevitable that men should be accused of joining the order to betray it—some falsely accused, some on good grounds? Is it not inevitable that private vengeance should often be exacted through such a form of organization, or by outside miscreants availing themselves of the Klan's name and fame? Is it possible that the law will operate, without restraint and without suspicion, to redress the wrongs committed by the Klan or in its name?

To raise these questions is to answer them. For no one who faces the conditions of American life squarely can have any faith in the statement of Klansmen that the character of the membership is a guaranty of moderate and lawful action. Only the best people are admitted to the order? The definition of "best people" may vary widely from Washington to Mer Rouge. "Best people" in some part of America appear to relish the odor of burning human flesh. A nation-wide society of "best people" may be anything, and do anything, unless all its acts are subject to full publicity which enables the majority of the organization to keep the minority under control.

But why borrow trouble, it may be asked. The Klan as a whole has not yet departed from its original purpose. When it does, there will be time for respectable citizens to get out. Yes, and to leave behind them the worst elements, equipped with the machinery of secret organization that will enable them to commit crimes with impunity. That is the gravest danger that lurks in a secret organization for political or social ends, like the Klan.

There are few Americans who have not shuddered over the crimes of the Mafia and Camorra, those associations of blackmailers, kidnappers, murderers who terrorize the Italian communities in our cities and occasionally present the police with a mysterious crime to occupy them vainly for months and years. What a good Klansman thinks of those societies it is needless to inquire. Yet the Mafia and Camorra appear to have been originally launched with patriotic purposes not less lofty than those of the Klan. They included, and to some extent still include, the best people, just like the Klan. Crimes were committed by them; crimes were committed in their name. They degenerated to criminal organizations and live on, a curse to the Italian people throughout the world.

There is no room for the secret political society in a civilized state. It may seem to work for good, for a time, but there is no permanent gain from good wrought through terrorism. Sooner or later such an engine runs away from its drivers, and where it will end and what it will destroy on the road no one can foretell. It is the plain duty of every American legislature to unmask the Klan and make its acts and personnel public, before it evolves into a thing against which orderly government will strive in vain.

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Humanism and the Industrial Age

II.

IT would be nice for soi-disant Humanists if Humanists could be made by the humanities and not by man's heritage, responding to events. Many Humanists exist who have no jot or tittle of Latin or Greek, and many more champions in Greek and Latin who have not an iota of Humanism. The humanist sect in the academies are, if their behavior be any guide, Romanticists disturbed by their own times and fleeing for refuge to antiquity. No Utopian of the future can be more bitter about what is alive in modern civilization or more coruscated with righteous indignation. But they will not try either to understand or to master it, as a true Humanist would. They reject it, as strangers here, whose home is the heaven of doctrine and discipline out of the ancient past. To the security of that home, language figures as an effective barrier against the profane, while for its inmates, to have surmounted the inert difficulty which language opposes to the mind provides a pleasant sense of superiority without a real combat. Moreover, that which lies beyond language is simple stuff, with form often enough adequate to it to yield beauty; and it practises, besides, a solicitation of massive emotion as wide in range as it is deeply, if darkly gratifying. The doctrine and discipline of the ancient classics are a Zion in which Puritan and Satyr may lie down together and be at ease.

And why not? If some particular portion of an unhappy and distracted generation find here sanctuary, find peace and security and pride all in one, let them take it and cleave unto it. It is their right, and none may say them nay. But cannot these Humanists sufficiently mitigate their christian spirit to refrain from demanding that those of another vision and another purpose shall also adopt their way of salvation? Must those who, like Rebellious Youth, are too sedulous to combat the present to care for sanctuary, or like the business man or the laborer, are too much a part of its substance to wish or to be able to flee it, be outlawed from humanity? What reason is there to set the humanities as the Summa of education for all mankind?

The answer is the ultimate answer of all authoritarians to whatever challenges their privilege or authority. They invoke the old, old god out of the machine, Human Nature. Our Humanism, they say, rests on human nature; it is the inevitable perfect fruit of the humanity of mankind. This reply is unanswerable—if true. But is it true? How shall one know and be saved? . . .

Well, listen to Mr. Elmer More, who is one of the American high priests of the Humanist cult:

> Let a man retire into himself [he exhorts, in the course of denouncing the loving kindness of Miss Jane Addams on behalf of an Everlasting Morality] and examine his own motives and the sources of his self-approval and discontent. He will discover there, in that dialogue with himself, if his abstraction is complete and sincere, that his nature is not simple and single but dual, and that the consequences to him in his judgment of life and in his conduct will be of incalculable importance. He will learn with a conviction which no science or philosophy falsely so-called can shake that besides the passions and wandering desires and blind impulses and the cravings for pleasure and the prod of sensations, there is something within him and a part of him, rather in some way his truer self, which controls and checks and knows and pronounces judgment, unmoved amid all motion, unchanged amid continual change, of everlasting validity above the shifting valuations of the moment.

Or again, hearken to Mr. Irving Babbitt, whose animadversions on human nature are incidental to a formulation of Humanism. He also is a dualist, half Platonic, half Kantian, seeing existence as a struggle between the Ormuzd One and the Ahriman Many:

> The human mind, if it is to keep its sanity, must maintain the nicest balance between unity and plurality. . . . If man's nobility lies in his kinship to the One, he is at the same time a phenomenon among other phenomena, and only at his risk and peril neglects his phenomenal self. . . . Man is a creature who is foredoomed to one-sidedness, yet who becomes humane only in proportion as he triumphs over this fatality of his nature, only as he arrives at that measure which comes from tempering his virtues each by its opposite.

Behold, then, the human nature of the Humanists' current—dual and not single, composed of opposites each pulling for itself, able to be and behave as a whole only as a balance of these opposites, with one of them, the One, somewhat predominant. And Humanism is this balance!

The continuity of this view with that combination of dialectic and mythology which used to be known in the tradition of the schools as mental philosophy is too apparent to need more than pointing out. The human nature it declares is anthropocentric and pre-Copernican. Even the Freudian censor and its unconscious, which it so much suggests, mythological as those are, are too scientific for it, and would in all likelihood be repudiated as devilish doubles. The positive sciences of man—psychology, physiology, anthropology and their like—have no authority for those who regard human nature after this fashion. As sciences they are only "so-called," vain empiricisms beside a transcendental conviction to be

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reached by an exercise in introspection, like the conviction of the Vermont farmer who, seeing a camel for the first time, gave judgment after long contemplation, "Pshaw, there ain't no such animile!" To those, however, for whom the positive sciences do carry authority, the human nature of the humanistic sect will be a special case of the pathetic fallacy.

The sciences of body and mind show human nature not as a dualism, but as a true plurality; not as a balance of forces, but as an integration of dispositions; not as a tempering of opposite virtues but as a cooperation of diverse powers, with the unity not outside of and opposed to the variety, but flowing from it and dependent on it, as the unity of a team flows from and depends on the diversity of the players. Its health or wholeness is not a state of equilibrium maintained but a process of adjustment going on, in which the body changes least and the mind most. The homogeneity of feeling and the discreteness of character which the different ages of recorded time present are due to these facts; history happens because of the combination of continuity with novelty they generate. From the age of Pericles to time out of mind it is a sequence of new minds for old bodies, and in this sequence, among the changing patterns of adjustment of human nature to its environment, Humanism has its place.

Now, when you set side by side the Humanism of Erasmus and the Humanism of Goethe, or the Humanism of Cicero and the Humanism of Anatole France, to find out the common features which the word should denote, you can, beyond a quality of emotion, discover no concrete item of such a community. What stands out is rather the diversity of traits in each type. The similarity, when it exists, is subterranean and seems more like the continuity of a biography than the homophony of a pattern. It is as if the energies of man, making history, make it by finding different channels composed of different stuffs, and the quality and timbre of what they work out are determined far more by the stuffs than by the energies that mould them. The Greeks, to whom the original of Humanism is referred, were not Humanists: they were harassed men trying to make a good life. The brief glory that was Greece was initiated in the complication of an agricultural economy with a military and commercial technology; it became effulgent as an integration of habits of cooperation among free men in work and play and battle, and was dimmed and extinguished when these habits were vacated by the impulsions of life for other channels. To the Romans, unsuccessful in developing cooperative freedom on their own, what had been a life among the Greeks became a doctrine and a discipline, a sorrowful and artificial grafting of an alien ideal upon the native being, with the aliency ever apparent and vocal in conduct and literature. For Hellenism was a decoration of the Roman way of life, not a part of its structure. And so, it would seem, everywhere and always. Every unspent race or society is a dynamic character capable of a fullness and elaboration of living peculiar only to itself. Whatever discipline pertains to it is implicit in its process of fulfillment; whatever doctrine, in that fulfillment formulated as an ideal. Were only the world it lives in a place which was made for it, its progression from birth to culmination would be like the movement of a strain of music, continuous and self-contained. The world it lives in is, however, a place in which it merely happens, and whether this world's other denizens, also endowed with unique potencies pressing toward realization, favor or obstruct realization in their neighbors, is at no time law, is always accident and fortune. Accident and fortune are destiny. And if a hopeful observer of human life says, evil destiny, there is nothing in the variety and disorder of the species, the sporadic character of its freedoms and achievements, the abundance of mutual repressions and thwartings, to say him nay.

Hence, when the liberties of men anywhere come to fruition in a good life, a culture of freedom and fellowship, this may become an ideal in those places where fruition has failed. It turns then into a compensation in thought for the repressions and thwartings of one's nature in fact. Its use is to be an indicator of rebellion, pointing more truly that against which the spirit revolts than that toward which it turns. When such a revolt is successful and energies have truly broken free, they do not rest in compensatory ideals. The alien vision is absorbed by the freed society as food is absorbed by the body, and in a like manner transmuted. It becomes then flesh of the society's flesh, spirit of its spirit. What it was a reaction against and a compensation for gets forgotten. What it turned toward becomes a program and an instrument in the winning of new life. Ideals cease to be compensatory and become expressive. Between them and the life which realizes them the aliency has disappeared. The two are now a continuous whole, potency and actuality, foreshadowed and fulfilled, one in the other. The moment of this fulfillment, more or less complete, incarnates the genius of the age or race. When it passes, when it ceases to be a life and becomes a memory, it is enshrined in the schools as doctrine and discipline, compensatory once more, a spiritual cul-de-sac, an impasse of the mind, not only not humane, but anti-human.

So it has been with the Humanism of tradition which the schools proclaim and reverence. This, too, is a particular device, an instrument which modern Europe fashioned from antique materials to pattern for itself new life and more life and better life. Quite other is the underlying Humanism of history. That, from the Greeks to the Romantic lovers of Greek excellence, appears as the recurrent and cumulative endeavor by which

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outworn customs, doctrines, mores, taboos, prescriptions, standards, ideals, riding mankind like an incubus, are thrown off and abandoned, or subdued into agents and engines of life once more, as, from the Renaissance, religion was subdued and feudalism abandoned. Out of this endeavor races and generations of men grow, according to their kind, into the freedom and fellowship appropriate to the diverse individualities that compose them, autonomous and cooperative at once, as Florence became during the Renaissance, and many a busy city, south and north. Freedom and fellowship are the qualities in which this Humanism is manifest; it exists, where they obtain. It generates out of itself the doctrine and discipline proper to the race and generation it expresses, and these are as new as the form of its society is unprecedented. They follow from the inwardness of personality and institution that compose the new society, and nothing else beside. And where any personality or community attempts to impose upon itself an alien law, from an alien time or place, even the times and places of its own lapsed story (as some Jews hope, in Palestine, to reestablish the ritual fullness of the Torah), it meets the fate of the fabled frog that would be an ox. . . .

There are signs, in spite of horror, in spite of the humiliations of the "price-system" and the retrogression of war, that a fresh phase of this perennial Humanism is beginning, the phase of our industrial age. There are signs, faint signs and perhaps transitory, yet it cannot be that they are without ground in the dynamic units of our machine culture, and that they will not grow into the excellences of association in work and play these units portend. At the moment, the signs are still too much in the form of disaffection and compensation. Consider the attitude of the Genro of Rebellious Youth. They accept industry, but they repudiate the economic Calvinism by which the beneficiaries of industry rationalize the degradation of the time as the permanent condition of progress. They denounce the apologetics which the academic clients of the beneficiaries prepare as orthodox political and social science. They deny the validity of this soi-disant science and reject its discipline in field and factory no less than in the colleges. For the counter-orthodoxy of socialism and its derivatives they show more tolerance but equal distaste. The things they happen to affirm—European refinements of sensibility and discipline, for example—themselves are set in antithesis to the things they reject. Everything turns upon the industrial economy, its import and effects. Its contagion has transfused to all the reaches of human life. The economic motive is used now to explain all conduct, to light up the "new history" like a dark lantern, to supply the elemental presuppositions of the "new" sciences of man. And these, again, have been used mainly to justify or attack the domain of capitalistic industry in which they arose and grew. Literature and the fine arts, on the other hand, at least throughout the brief century of the growth of capitalistic industry into dominion and empire, have been reactions against and compensation for it, all the populous way from the Pre-Raphaelites to the Symbolists, from the Impressionists to the Futurists.

They continue so. Yet, as the twentieth century gathers headway, the men of the industrial age begin to presage a reconciliation with their own handiwork. It is suggested in the very warfare of the classes, once so subterranean, with all law and all power on the side of the masters, all insecurity on the side of the men; now open, with the field fairer and the favor less, a code of right developing—as in the case of the garment industry in America—out of the dynamics of interest in the industry itself. It is suggested in the secure dignity and power of the great cooperative societies of Britain and Belgium, societies in which industry itself acts as the focus of freedom and fellowship. It is suggested, in spite of propaganda, in the turn which the "social sciences" have taken away from apologetics and attack to understanding. There is movement—as of a glacier in its slowness, a cloud in its vagueness, but movement—from partisanship to comprehension, from comprehension to mastery. Straker, the chauffeur in Shaw's Man and Superman, may be taken as a prophecy of one of the stations of this movement, whose terminal would be harmony between the new works and the ancient heart of man, and all whose steps are an endeavor to turn the uses of adversity toward the joy and tranquility of the soul. Understanding is its prerequisite, a New Humanism its consummation.

H. M. KALLEN.

(*To be continued.*)

Wings at Dawn

Dawn is dense with twitter,
And the white air swims and sings
In rapid wings that glitter,
And the flashing of wings—
Delicate and fugitive shiverings.

The dews curl up in haze,
While the sun from his hive
Like a giant bee ablaze
Bursts dizzily alive—
And through the glow a thousand swallows dive.

Light like a storm
Deluges the grass,
And birds in a swarm
Wheel, dwindle and mass—
And their wings are split silver as they pass.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

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Pasteur (1822-1895)

PASTEUR is being honored as perhaps the greatest scientific genius of all time. In the age of experimentation which marks man's mastery over his environment he was a pioneer. To him, Bacteriology, that science which permeates every aspect of health and disease, owes its very existence. Today we are so familiar with bacteria as to contemptuously call them "bugs." We no longer pay them the courtesy of complete destruction, but have gauged their individual threats, much as the finished boxer scorns to flee the blow which he so skilfully and imperceptibly turns aside. Indeed it is a far stretch of the imagination to reconstruct that time, one hundred years ago, when the activities of bacteria were unknown. The doctrine of spontaneous generation was solidly established and sanctified by tradition. This was no more nor less than the belief that living organisms could be produced from inanimate matter. Thus, Van Helmont in the sixteenth century gave a celebrated prescription for the creation of mice from dirty linen and a few grains of wheat or pieces of cheese. Similarly, all fermentation and all putrefaction were regarded as being strictly chemical phenomena.

Pasteur's brilliant experiments demonstrated conclusively the true nature of these everyday processes. Their simplicity is confounding. He began by a microscopic study of the air. "If germs exist in the atmosphere," he said, "could they not be arrested on their way?" Thereupon he drew a current of air through a tube plugged with cotton which contained sterilized broth. There was deposited on the cotton considerable detritus in which were revealed bacteria upon microscopic examination. The nutritive fluid thus protected, did not putrefy, but upon dropping some of the shreds of cotton into it, putrefaction promptly set in. Not content with this experiment he wished to show that sterilized liquids would remain uncontaminated even in contact with air, provided that the entrance of dust particles was prohibited. This was accomplished by devising flasks, the necks of which, had been drawn out into fine tubes bent in the form of a U. The ends of the U being left open permitted the sedimentation of dust from the air as far as the lowest angle of the tube, but no dust was carried up the second arm into the liquid. In such flasks no putrefaction occurred; but it could be induced by the simple expedient of slanting the entire apparatus until the liquid ran into the bent arm of the tube where the dust particles containing bacteria had collected. Finally he took flasks containing sterilized fluid to different heights above sea level, climbing mountains and glaciers, and showed that the purer the air, the less contamination took place.

Here was definite proof that putrefaction and decay were not the resultants of "spontaneous generation" but were the by-products of chemical decomposition caused by the metabolic activities of microorganisms. Not only did he point out that these fermentations were caused by microorganisms but he investigated the spoilage of these products, discovering that bitterness or greasiness was due to a special ferment. In fact the town of Arbois, famous for its Jura red and white wines, placed an impromptu laboratory at Pasteur's disposal during the holidays of 1864 so that he might discover the remedy for the acidity which ruined their "rosy and tawny wines." Pasteur's reply is characteristic of the modesty which has become proverbial. "This spontaneous offer from a town dear to me for so many reasons," he wrote the Mayor and Town Council, "does too much honor to my modest labors, and the way in which it is made covers me with confusion." Accordingly, he refused it, fearing his services might not be proportionate to their generosity. He preferred to camp out with his curators in an old coffee room at the entrance to the town where they contented themselves with apparatus of the most primitive description, generally made by some local tinker or even blacksmith. And this problem terminated in the procedure which makes of his name an immortal adjective: "pasteurized!" He discovered that by heating the wines for a few moments at a moderately high temperature, 135° Fahrenheit, (212° being the boiling point of water) their good keeping qualities were assured. This principle of a short preliminary heating is now universally applied to milk in order to safeguard it against spoilage.

Pasteur is of the soil and it is fitting therefore that he should have rendered agriculture inestimable service. Turning his attention to vinegar-making he was soon embroiled with Liebig, the great German chemist, as to the very nature of this biological process. The latter contended that microorganisms were not responsible for the production of vinegar from beechwood chips, whereas Pasteur demonstrated that it was due to the presence of Mycoderma aceti which grew on the chips or woodshavings. Similarly he discovered the organisms which produce lactic and butyric fermentation.

His greatest contribution, however, was in behalf of the silk industry. In 1864-65 the silk districts of that region of France known as the Midi suffered such serious losses that the yield of cocoons fell from twenty-six to four million kilograms, which entailed a loss of twenty million dollars and caused widespread distress and poverty. An epidemic had broken out among the silk worms —that dread disease known as Pébrine. Pasteur was implored by the stricken districts and the Minister of Agriculture to undertake an investigation. After several years of study, he found the organism causing the disease, suggested remedies,

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and brought back wealth to the ruined communities. But this was at the cost of impaired health and a partial stroke of paralysis.

It is due to Pasteur's memorable researches that "bacteria and their microscopic allies emerged from their relative obscurity as organisms chiefly of interest to the professional biologist, and achieved a conspicuous position in natural science as a group of organisms whose activities were full of a far-reaching significance for all mankind." This opens the most spectacular chapter of his achievements, the one which has brought him universal recognition. Lord Lister, who devised the methods in surgery which rob it of so many of its former terrors, thus addressed Pasteur, whose ideas had inspired that work at the latter's jubilee celebration in 1892: "Truly, there does not exist in the entire world any individual to whom the medical sciences owe more than they do to you. Your researches on fermentation have thrown a powerful beam, which has lightened the baleful darkness of surgery, and has transformed the treatment of wounds from a matter of uncertain and too often disastrous empiricism into a scientific art of sure beneficence. Thanks to you, surgery has undergone a complete revolution, which has deprived it of its terrors and has extended almost without limit its efficacious power." Prior to Pasteur's contributions the mortality from blood poisoning, gangrene and other infections following surgery and childbirth was extremely high. This condition was summed up in the famous words of Valpeau: "the prick of a pin is the open door to death." Today, what with the sterilization of instruments, sponges, ligatures, in a word, everything which comes in contact with the patient, a surgical operation is only a surgical operation and not a preliminary to death by blood poisoning.

It would be a difficult task to enumerate all the contributions to science made by Pasteur. Trained as a chemist, his initial researches dealt with the problems of the formation of molecules and their optical activities, as in his experiments with racemic and tartaric acids. These led him into a study of fermentation, which is essentially the decomposition of sugars through bacterial agencies. Mention has already been made of his fundamental work in establishing the existence and activities of bacteria, but one point requires further emphasis. Pasteur discovered that certain microorganisms could be active in the absence of free oxygen. This radically upset the conception of metabolic processes then prevalent since it was believed until that time that life could be supported only when a free supply of oxygen obtained. Yet here were these anaerobes, simple microorganisms, as incontrovertible proof.

Pasteur's notable investigations of anthrax, that dreaded disease which lurks in unsterilized shaving brushes, improperly tanned hides, etc.; of chicken cholera and of swine fever, which produce serious epidemics, culminated in the preparation of vaccines which are fundamental to our present knowledge of immunity.

The most spectacular application of this work has been to hydrophobia or rabies. This disease is one which primarily attacks animals, being most prevalent among the carnivora—dogs, cats and wolves. But man is also subject to this disease, principally through the entrance of the saliva of rabid animals by bites or scratches. "Rabies is prevalent to an alarming extent in all civilized countries except England, where the careful supervision of dogs, enforcement of muzzling laws, and rigid legislation regarding the importation of dogs, have caused a practical eradication of the disease in that country. The treatment which is now prophylactically applied to patients with or suspected of infection with rabies has been but little altered either in principle or in technical detail since it was first worked out by Pasteur." This consists of an active immunization with virus, i. e., the administration of gradually increasing doses of the actual virus, capable of causing hydrophobia but which has been attenuated by drying. The body reacts by the formation of antibodies which combat the virus. The injections are continued until a strongly virulent virus produces no untoward effects. This indicates that the body has acquired an immunity capable of neutralizing the original virus introduced by the rabid animal. The efficiency of the Pasteur treatment for rabies is no longer problematic. Over 50,000 individuals have been treated within ten years with an average mortality of 1 percent.

The sweeping change wrought by Pasteur in all conceptions of disease has been forcibly characterized by Tyndall: "We have been scourged by invisible thongs, attacked from impenetrable ambuscades, and it is only today that the light of science is being let in upon the murderous domains of our foes." The master mind of Pasteur has dominated the realm of bacteriology since 1860. "His epoch-making discoveries were largely due to his intuitive vision, his skill in device, and in the adaptation of means to ends, his prodigious industry, and the enthusiasm and love with which he inspired his associates." His aphorism: "it is characteristic of Science and Progress that they continually open new fields to our vision" is indicative of his own life-work. Each advance in bacteriology is an added monument to his achievement. No one can fail to be inspired by the personality which made it possible. Vallery-Radot has immortalized it in the Life of Pasteur and others have done him homage. But Pasteur belongs not to the biographers, not to the bacteriologists, not even to adoring France: he belongs to humanity for all time.

NICHOLAS AND LILLIAN KOPELOFF.

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Architecture: A Neglected Art

WE are born in buildings, eat, sleep, work, and sometimes die in them. They are difficult for even the most anaesthetic men to eliminate from their vision. Yet in spite of all this no one sees them.

Architecture, the most important of all the arts to the Man in the Street, has been so long pronounced "dead" by the critics of its more volatile sisters, and so ignored by them, that it is brought even less to the attention of the public than are the latest designs in Greenwich Village hand-painted shower baths. In fact the public, which only knows what it is told, probably does not realize that architecture is what cities are composed of. The good Monsieur Jourdain had to be told that he spoke prose. . . .

Considering that no man—leaving out Subway guards—can possibly escape hourly contact with this art, it is curious that for our current periodicals it simply does not exist. Why is not a newly constructed skyscraper as good material for a review or comment as the latest book or the oldest music? Are not, after all, the rhythms and discords of such a building as the United States Army Supply Base in South Brooklyn as promising for the future as the dissonances of Ornstein? Architecture has its John Marins and Sherwood Andersons as well as its Sargents and Henry Van Dykes. Who knows their names? Who cares?

It is a singular fact that in all the columns expended on the controversy over the technical methods employed in the Cunard Building frescoes, not a line was given to the building itself. No voice is raised in condemnation or derision when Greek temples are piled one upon another like a layer-cake, or when a rooster, perched on high over the rural by-ways of Fifty-seventh street, greets the sun from an appropriately unmentionable pile. No voice praises when a cloud-gathering tower flings a fair head above the purple city; no prophecy is made when honest concrete undisguised climbs eighteen stories above the pavement.

Good and bad go alike unnoticed, and the architect works out his own salvation, uncriticized except by his fellow practitioners, unaware of the judgment of his contemporaries. This state most artists would proclaim to be Heaven; but in their hearts they would know it to be Nirvana. Recognition, even the recognition of abuse, is life; were the press to pass them by as it does the architects, most of them would fall into oblivion.

Not that contemporary judgments are of any constructive value to the artist; his achievement must come from inner conviction, not outside forces. It is in confirming the worth-whileness of having any conviction at all that such judgments are valuable; as a demonstration that effort spent on some endeavor is recognizable by others; as an assurance of that public interest without which artistic striving falls to the level of the work of the book-keeper who labors over his calligraphy. Such, unfortunately, is the position of the architects. They might as well be deaf hermits playing the harp in the middle of a desert.

The reason for this state of affairs is often ascribed to the architects themselves. Time and again it is said that no press representative can worm any information from them. This is in part true; but it must be remembered that the architect is a hybrid being, an anomalous species on the borderland between a "practical business man" and a creative artist; moreover that he is torn between a curiously self-effacing code of ethics on the one hand, and ruthless business grabbing on the other.

As a business man he naturally resents criticism, other than the Pollyanna kind, as harmful to business; and, consequently, when information is sought for the Real Estate page, he is apt to be reticent. It is perhaps a justifiable clammishness. However, while a consideration of the business side of architecture is very interesting in its bearing on the art, it need not detain us here. It is enough to say that unless an architect is highly efficient, his office highly organized, he is never able to command that confidence of capital which is a sine qua non of scope for this art. The *art* of architecture requires money for its execution.

It is in so far as the architect is an artist as well as a business man—and there are many such—that he has no legitimate excuse for objecting to aesthetic evaluation of his work. In fact many of them do wonder, rather ineffectually, why they are not so criticized. To this wondering, difficulty in obtaining information is no real answer. If columns and pages are devoted, as they are, to painters and paintings entirely regardless of the cost of pigment, sale price, and gallery rake-off, there is no reason why architecture, uncommercially considered, should not receive its due mead of attention.

To absolve the architect in this fashion does not, however, shift the entire burden to the press, which, in the main, provides only what is demanded of it. Were there a demand for the consideration of architecture, space and the critics would be found. Even the men now writing on "art" could, with the same diligence given to the study of their present subjects, learn enough professional jargon to write architectural reviews. They could continue to write of "schools," "use of medium," "movements," and what not, just as interestingly and intelligently as they do now.

Not that architecture does not deserve better treatment than drowning in a Niagara of inanities. It is an art of far more importance to the public

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than sculpture or painting, of more importance even than the theatre or literature and criticism of it should be, as is the criticism of a play or a book, intelligible to the many. The subject should be handled with that freedom from cant and rigmarole which characterizes—whether one agrees with them or not—the work of such men as George Jean Nathan and Heywood Broun. A seventeen-story apartment house ought to provoke at least as intellectually honest critical writing as a bedroom farce which never outlasts one season.

The truth is, the public "cares for none of these things." It does not want criticism of architecture as it does of music and books and batiks; architecture does not interest it. There are several reasons for this. Our cultural education rarely concerns itself with architecture; when it does, it is to completely misinterpret. Understanding of this art does not lie in studying the superficial changes of ornament termed "style" by the professors. It does not lie in eggs-and-darts, acanthus leaves, or grotesques, but in the study of the structural system of which these are only an efflorescence. It lies in the difference between the post-and-lintel of the Greeks, the arch of the Romans, the steel of today. It lies in the study of the influence and adaptation of materials: marble, concrete, terra-cotta; and in the resulting expression of structural function: for, as has been said, "form follows function," and Doric column, Roman vault, Gothic buttress, Baroque contortions even, are inevitable, not fortuitous. Nor in relation to all these must the plan be forgotten, as it so generally is forgotten. Above all, understanding lies in the study of the social and economic circumstances of the builders, for the Baths of Caracalla would have been as impossible to Gallic mediaevalism as Vanity Fair would have been.

Nor is decoration architecture; and although variations of style, French and Spanish, Elizabethan and Queen Anne, are not without their historical and social origins and consequences, the change from one structural system to another has always been the accompaniment, and expression of, not merely the death of kings and the success of armies, but the collapse of peoples, the rise and fall of civilizations.

There is another difficulty in the way of appreciating architecture, which is inherent in the art itself. The aesthetic enjoyment to be obtained from so abstract a thing as a concrete building is somewhat above voters for Harding. There is no sex in it; no "lure"; no adventure; nothing for Roach Straton to attack. It just is, and more or less serves its purpose; and if you stop to look at it, you are in danger of getting run over or having your pocket picked.

Then, too, even our most catholic art magazines, those which are supposed to blaze the trail of public opinions, rather sheepishly following after it, have never attempted a competent section devoted to architecture. They have never dealt with architecture as, for instance, Deems Taylor deals with music—structurally and aesthetically, historically and prophetically. That they so fail in their leadership may be because they are so engrossed with abstractions in paint they cannot see abstractions in stone—although Paul Strand and Sheeler have shown them to exist; it may be that architects, not being log-rollers, but knockers, fail to command a hearing. It may be—and this seems in some measure likely—that the editors, for the most part young men, are impatient of so majestic and slow-moving an art, in which youth so rarely achieves success. In the other arts genius springs forth full-fledged at twenty, and a revolution is accomplished every two months; architecture, by comparison, is glacial. That being so, one can but sigh and say, in the same spirit it first was said: E pur si muove.

Architecture, it is true, merely is: but it is here, there, and everywhere, and by that fact has a greater influence on the cultural life of the nation than all the concerts and exhibitions combined. Nor is it as dead as some would have us believe. Out of the conditions imposed by constricted space, zoning laws, steel, concrete, glass, a febrile art, vital and nervous as is our civilization, is gathering form and independence. Slowly the old, encumbering dead forms are being pushed off by new necessitous growth, as the dead leaves of an oak are pushed off by the new. Gone is the time when a Venetian palace can be stranded high and dry to do duty as a jewelry store; going the meaningless "orders," the sham masonry, the trumpery ornament and tin cornice.

To see the way we are tending, look from the Giralda on Madison Square to the Bush Building, from the United States Rubber Building across the flamboyant, aesthetic signs of Columbus Circle to where the Fisk Building possesses all the sky. Nor do even these show how far we have gone: our factories lead the way, ordered more by necessity, constrained less by convention. Of course not every new building is an advance—neither is every new book or picture; all the arts are clogged with trash. But progress there is, from doubtful aping of the Old World in the name of good taste, to more and more logical, powerful expression of today, coming from new men, new materials, new realization of the brilliant, vulgar, overwhelming life of the New World.

More full of promise than any other art except literature, our architecture is even more than our literature of the essence of the country, springing, as it does, from its ore, its furnaces, its finances, and its faith in tomorrow.

What one of our cultural journals will be the first to give it its due?

HENRY S. CHURCHILL.

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Dwellers on Parnassos

THERE is a mountain in Greece called Parnassos, and this mountain is famous for its cheese. We lived on Parnassos with the shepherds and their sheep, and asked the shepherd whose way to the spring lay past our tent if he would sell us some cheese. He declined, and it was somehow a quite stupendous declining, for it was a day when the wind blew from the snows of the summit and the shepherd was wearing his shepherd's cape—a most authoritative garment, and his crook was high, and his hand high upon his crook. And no dogs of Parnassos are larger and wiser and more terrible than the dogs then turning this shepherd's sheep to the spring where they drink at evening.

I got the idea that the shepherd did not feel we belonged on Parnassos, and it was with surprise I next evening heard him tell the dogs to take the seven hundred sheep on to the spring, while he himself turned in at our tent. As magnificent in the proffering as he had been in the declining, he held out a small wooden bucket, and in the bucket was the cheese for which this lofty and spreading mountain is so justly famed. I spoke of money, whereupon, without a word, the shepherd followed his sheep to the spring, leaving me with a sense of being unworthy of my place of residence.

There is, after all, a limit to the amount of cheese one can eat, no matter how sweet the grazing. So we told our friend the shepherd he must not make us so many presents. By this time he was indeed our friend, for there had been many evenings under the giant spruce trees, while the seven hundred bells assured him of the whereabouts and well-being of his flock, so we asked why he gave us the cheese he would not sell.

And the shepherd answered: "One day a stranger, and English, stopped beneath my tree, and as he was on his way to the summit, and had been long journeying, I set before him wine and cheese. And on his return he stopped again, for he had liked the cheese—as who would not? And I would take no money, for he was a stranger, and Parnassos is my home. Two years went by and all countries were at war and there must be sheep to feed the soldiers. I was notified to appear at Creso with more than the half of my flock—five hundred sheep, to be bought by the government at what would be a price far below their worth. I drove them down the mountain, through Delphi, and on to Creso. And as I came near that town I felt my years had been for nothing, for it is not in such manner that a flock is maintained. A stranger stopped me, and English. 'Are you not Elias Skarmoothes?' I had to say yes, and that I had brought the five hundred sheep. 'Don't you remember me?' he asked. I did not remember. 'But twice I stopped under your tree, and you gave me cheese, and would take no money.' And then he told me he was in command of the taking of the sheep. 'And from you I take ten, and the price good. As to the others, drive them back to the springs in the spruce trees.'

"And so," said the shepherd, getting up and whistling to the dogs, for the bells told that the sheep were running, "I think it is better to have friends."

But as we dwelt upon it we became concerned, questioning our right to this cheese. Next evening quite frankly we told him we feared we would never be in a position to save five hundred sheep.

"But you will write a book," said he, "about Greece; and in it you will say that on Parnassos lives a shepherd, Elias Skarmoothes, and that this man is a good shepherd, and your friend."

So this I do, in the first words I write of Parnassos, for obligations enough have been broken to Greece, without my breaking mine. Though perhaps I would not feel at liberty to take this means of discharging my debt for cheese, were it not that the story seems to extend beyond the shepherd. Yet why beware of Greeks bearing gifts when they bear them so beautifully, and will quite ingenuously let you know their expectations? Less naïve Greeks there were who also thought, "It is better to have friends," but they could not, alas, come bearing the great gift of Oil. That is why the Greeks are coming home from Asia, returning, at this late day, from Homer's home town.

But let me further state that this Elias Skarmoothes gave a luncheon party to the visiting Americans, entertaining them under his spruce tree. And as the two guests drew near he was bending over his fire, twirling the cuts of lamb he was roasting on a long stick; and that from his tree he took down a great jug of wine, and that in the deepest shade he had built gracious beds of spruce boughs, for refreshment after much eating and drinking—a wise and loving courtesy not always observed in a more western world. Nor should it go unrecorded that his child, aged two, ate meat and drank wine until he fell over blissfully insensible, and that when I spoke of milk the good shepherd grew tremendous in his pride, saying his child would not touch milk and that the insensible infant's grandfather, similarly reared, had the day before, aged ninety, walked three hours up the mountain.

And when we had risen from the spruce boughs the shepherd took us where his sheep were sleeping, for it is in the day they sleep, grazing under the stars. We came upon them folded deep in the

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hills, a cleft of many shadows. And as they began rising, sleepily moving through sunlight into farther shadow, the big beautiful white sheep of Parnassos, not far off huge whimsical black goats —in the accidental music of the awakening, the groupings, the hurrying after loitering, it was as if we had come upon another world—their world, a hidden place where has been maintained a way of life through centuries of change. And Greece itself is not unlike that.

They pull the wheat by hand on Parnassos, outraging one brought up in Iowa. If your eye has reached as far as eye can reach across the wheat fields of Minnesota and Dakota, you smile at a wheat field that wouldn't make a tennis court. But in the twilight of the September day as I helped pull the last wheat at Kylania (Kylania is that part of the Parnassos region where there are springs in the spruce, and where the villagers from Delphi build their huts of stones and boughs and live through the summer)—drinking and singing and dancing with them through the gay excitement of the last lap, I thought of our way and of their way, and wondered why all gain must hold so much of loss.

Each June comes a day when Delphi lies too hot upon the mountain-side and next morning, before it is yet day, villagers will rise and put their household bags upon the donkey, and driving the goat and the lamb before them, start up the mountain for that place where the water is ever cold and the shade has never failed them. Beautiful, in a light that is yet without sun, to look back on Delphi, lying steeply on the mountain, and two thousand feet below Delphi the miles of olive groves reaching to the Corinthian gulf. In the gulf sails are moving to Corinth and to Patras, and beyond the sea the mighty mountains of the Peloponnesus, and the Greeks will pause at the turnings of the long windings up the great side of rock that rises over Delphi and will say, "Auraya-auraya!"

And when they have traveled for two hours they enter the forest of spruce; this at last opens upon a great mountain park, and they cry, "Kylania! Kylania!" Villagers who came before them send out shouts and discuss under which tree they had better build their hut. And after they have taken the bedding and bread from the donkey, they drive him where are trees under which no one dwells, and there cut the boughs for their kylevi, and when they have piled this spruce upon the donkey, naught but his head, unless perchance the tip of his tail, is to be seen. Before night the house has been built—and before June had passed seventy donkeys had brought seventy families to Kylania.

They were not idle there, it is their time to prepare for winter. The season opened with the haying, and if you had an Iowa father who raised hay in terms of thousands of acres, and with gigantic and cunning machinery baled and sent it out in many carloads, it is like something out of an old, old story—women tying hay in bundles and putting them upon the donkey, to go the steep three hours down to Delphi. But the light of Greece falls beautifully upon golden hay tied to a mouse-colored donkey, and the girl who follows—her waist tight, her skirt full, flourishing a long stick and uttering strange sounds a donkey learned when the world was young, she's somehow more moving than a flapper.

They rise early in the morning and make ready the donkey and go for wood; but they lie down in the shade when the sun is high, so they are not too tired for singing in the evening. Before all those huts of stones and boughs fires are lighted, and there is calling and singing from fire to fire. Children are dancing in the firelight, under the stars that are so clear in Greece, and through the mysterious trees the constant music of the moving sheep.

These are people who are very poor, but their lives have a charm our lives have not; their lives have the flavor of the ages, and it is as if ours moved too swiftly through new ways of doing for the perfume of living to be distilled from our days. And what our lives have become is now destroying this way of life that was in Greece before Homer was in Greece.

I was in Salonika when it began—this return of the Greeks from Asia, I was on the dock the night the Megalé Hellas brought nine thousand of them home to Greece. And when I saw them I knew them for the same people I had known in the olive groves watered by the Castalian spring; and knowing their way of life, I know that this exodus is their destruction. They belong with the donkey, the goat and the lamb, that humble trinity so much more real in Greece than any other trinity. They do not even know how to cross the street. They have been torn from that life in which they have dignity, as a tree has dignity. By the hundreds of thousands from Asia Minor, by the hundreds of thousands from Thrace, they come into what remains that is Greek. Their beasts they had to leave behind, and no field, however small, awaits them. Already the olive tree and the fig tree grow wherever trees can grow. Two million more people cannot keep alive in Greece. Whoever is to blame, these people are not to blame—they hardly know whatever it may all be about. And it is this pulling of millions of lives from roots centuries deep which when we gather in conferences we call "evacuation."

To see the Greek peasants come ashore that night in Salonika was to respect the fortitude of human nature. These were people who had for ten days been massed upon the water front at Smyrna. They had seen their houses burn, had seen their husbands taken by the Turks, children had seen their mothers killed and mothers had lost their children. They had been packed into that ship as

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tight as they could stand up—no food, no water. Exhausted, they walked down the plank, looked around to see what was to be done about them; and rather quickly they got it—that nothing was to be done about them. Uncomplaining, they lay down on the dock. There were six in our car, and we were the only people who met the nine thousand. Already refugees were sleeping on the sidewalks and Salonika hadn't bread and water for herself.

I liked the boy who came ashore alone, carrying his dog. He walked around a bit, at last lay down on the sidewalk, his dog curled up against him. A woman with six children came ashore with some bags—she was one of the lucky ones; waited awhile to see what was to be done about her children, then established a new home on the curb and cooked their supper.

In all the Greek cities it is hard now to walk along the sidewalks after nightfall. You do not want to disturb the sleeping people, for when they sleep they are not remembering the past nor facing the future. But even harder, just before night has come, to pass the mothers walking along with tired children they have no place to put to bed. Curious how they keep on walking—as if with the idea it must be better somewhere else. They are slow to beg—these women who should be setting out the little cakes as you stop at their house, but they will try to meet your eye, as if that should be enough, and so it should. When you see sombre-eyed women sitting on the steps of the Parthenon you know they are thinking that the blanket was left unwoven, the wine unfinished and the olive trees uncared for; are thinking of the spring where they turned their beasts at evening and wondering whatever became of the donkey, the goat and the lamb. Thinking too of the great stone oven in which they baked the many loaves of fragrant bread.

Most interesting—to see these homeless hungry Greeks sitting in the Parthenon. Yet when I think of them from our side of the Atlantic I do not see the columns of the Parthenon as much as I hear the music of the flocks, perhaps because the flocks were in Greece before the temples. It is from that fastness, mountain places where only the sheep and the shepherds go, must come one's understanding of Greece. For the continuity which has maintained the flocks has rooted the people deep in old ways of life, and the lives that are withering today on all the Greek islands, in the Peloponnesus, through Attica and Thessaly and Macedonia are lives whose form was set before Phidias shaped or Plato thought.

One thinks at times of those earlier dwellers on Parnassos, and if there are gods, or something on the summit older than the flocks, perhaps they know what men are doing in some such way as the shepherd knows of his sheep. Perhaps bells of the spirit can also bring tidings through the dark. Now bells that tell the flock is moving to the spring; a long time the soft slow bells of quiet grazing. But now—what is this? Those are the fast and frightened bells. The flock is running. In a panic, in great terror, the whole flock is running! The shepherd on the summit—we've not yet heard from him.

SUSAN GLASPELL.

We Never Say German

THE boy was Swiss. He was a chemist. He was on his way to practise his profession in America. I found him in the stateroom to which I was assigned.

"Good evening," I volunteered.

"Ich spreche nur Deutsch."

Face to face with calamity! A pilgrim from that bit of scenery which had so long ago been made safe for democracy—and speaking "nur Deutsch!" It seemed hardly decent to my one hundred percent American soul.

I compromised with my conscience. I said, "Guten Abend."

The plot thickened. Arm in arm we tramped the promenade deck. Eight days will hold much talk. The talk was in German—near German. The boy was very patient. It was most gratifying to find some one who understood German—my German, that is.

It was a sunny day in mid ocean. Every prospect was pleasing—but a flaw was found. The boy and I were walking, and talking—about America—"auf Deutsch." Suddenly we were interrupted by an emphatic voice.

"Boche!"

I turned around to face the author of this pleasantry. I laughed. It was the wrong cue. It was deadly earnest—and directed at me. The gentleman bristled. His mustache bristled. He glared. I had been taken in sin.

"Yes?" I tried tentatively.

"You are a Boche."

The day of judgment had arrived. I was powerless. Baedeker had no starred solution for such emergencies. But after all the war was over, and I laughed at my bristling accuser, and continued my conversation with the pilgrim from Zurich.

I learned the identity of my accuser. He was a Belgian. He represented his government in the consular service in a certain American city. He was a flaming patriot at large, carrying on in the noble crusade against the Boche. We met again. It was a little ship.

"You are the gentleman who called me 'Boche' yesterday?"

"Yes!"

"Do you know what it means?"

"Yes!"

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"You weren't trying to be funny?"

"No. You were talking the Boche language. There are a number of us watching you on this boat. You will have to be careful. We have evidence."

Ah, the plot thickened. The Belgian diplomat had me on the hip. I had visions of Leavenworth. I caught myself wondering whether the ball and chain were still in vogue. Just in the nick of time help came. A friend interceded. He explained to the warrior diplomat that nothing had been proven against me, that I owned Liberty Bonds, and had damned the German with right good will.

We shook hands. The comity of the world was restored. He made his explanation.

"I thought you were a Boche. You were talking the Boche language and that cannot be allowed."

This was too deep for me. I felt the need of a lawyer. I plunged once more.

"A language is good, no matter how many crooks use it. Take English, for example— And German—"

"Oh, we never say German or Germany! A Belgian always says, 'I am going over into Bochie. Boche!' "

We never say German— I thought of a young student in Berlin. "We wish one more war." I thought of a comedian on the stage of a Dresden Varieté. I hear his contemptuous slurs on France and England, and the chorus of Bravos which came from the audience. It is a cosy little world. We never say German! For the life of me I could find no suitable reply to my diplomatic friend. I feebly gasped,

"Ja wohl!" HUBERT C. HERRING.

CORRESPONDENCE

From Mr. Terman

SIR: Mr. Lippmann evidently does not know that I myself edited a large part of the official report of army mental testing, including the section he quotes against me.

Mr. Lippmann's insistence that the fourteen year mental age of soldiers rests on the Stanford Binet norms is entirely incorrect. Mental age standards for the army tests have been established independently of any other test.

Mr. Lippmann says the letter classification was not by relative position but by score, which was affected by the time limits. Actually the one purpose of the classification was to get the relative position. It is irrelevant what time limits were used so long as that purpose was accomplished.

LEWIS M. TERMAN.

Palo Alto, California.

Mr. Lippmann Replies

SIR: (1) Naturally I did not suspect that Mr. Terman was the editor of that section of the army report which I quoted against him. What reason or right had I to assume he had forgotten what he himself had edited?

(2) Mr. Terman will find no insistence in my reply that the "fourteen year old" statement about the army rests on the Stanford Binet scale. I do insist, first, that the statement conflicts with the Stanford Binet scale, and that, therefore, "either the army tests are unreliable or the Stanford norm is incorrect"; secondly, I insist that since mental age is based on an average, no standard adult mental age can be established independently of the average of the army as a whole which will measure the mental age of the army as a whole.

This point is clearly made on page 785 of the Army report. I cite this passage to Mr. Terman, once again not daring to suspect that he edited it.

(3) What Mr. Terman has to say about the effect of the time limit is very gratifying. It is in complete agreement with what I argued, and it is an absolute repudiation of the generalizations of Mr. Lothrop Stoddard which I was criticizing.

Note that Mr. Terman admits that "the one purpose of the classification was to get the *relative* position." This is equivalent to an admission that the army tests did not measure the intelligence of the American Nation. It is an admission that the talk about the percentage of "A" men is a misunderstanding of the army results. For the relative order of abilities is no measure of the strength of those abilities.

Therefore I can agree with Mr. Terman (and said this in my articles) that it was irrelevant what time limits were used if the one purpose was to fix the order of abilities. But the time limit is highly relevant, because it decisively changes the result, if the classifications as "A" men, etc., are to be taken as a measurement of American intelligence. I am happy to say that Mr. Terman now admits this.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

New York City.

Three Other Letters on Intelligence Testing

SIR: In Professor Terman's reply to Mr. Walter Lippmann's criticism of the theory of the intelligence tests he has carefully avoided saying anything about the actual substance of that criticism. He has resorted to satire and the calling of names but leaves the reader still uninformed as to the real value of the tests. The presupposition of the tests seems to be that individuals can be ranked in a single series from high to low corresponding to a series of integers and decimals. If we admit the possibility of such a ranking we have yet to be told what the significance of it really is. If two children are alike in having an IQ of .85 that fact is of practically no significance to the parent, the citizen or the teacher as compared with the thousands of ways in which those two children differ from one another. They differ in physical equipment, in emotional tone, in social stability, in cultural background, in friends, in money and in every other way. I am working every day with children selected from the public schools on a basis of the intelligence quotient. Theoretically they are a homogeneous group; practically and actually they are as heterogeneous as any group could be. The fallacy of the tests is the fallacy of any attempt to reduce individuality to identity. We count our friends but we are not simple enough to suppose that John is *just* number one and Mary *just* number two. We know perfectly well that the number we attach to any individual is about the least significant thing we can say of him. The really significant knowledge for the teacher is not knowledge of identities but knowledge of individualities.

The second weakness of the tests inheres in the method employed. The method violates at least two great laws of scientific procedure, namely the law of isolation and the law of repetition. In order to work in a chemical laboratory we must be able to isolate our instance. In mental testing we deal with a complex variable for which we as yet have no serious attempt at an equation. If the test tube of John's personality has in it the

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same ratio of components as does the personality of Mary, then a given test will rank the two in some significant way. But when every psychologist knows that the simplest word has a meaning composed of radically different components for different individuals and for the same individual at different times what ground is there for confidence that the response is a measure of *intelligence?* Until two children have the same heredity and the same environment we are not very likely to reduce them to the same common denominator.

The violation of the law of repetition is equally fatal to the popular faith in the accuracy of the mental tests. Unless we are prepared to claim that education is an empty word and its practice a fraud we shall not deny that something happens to an individual in contact with his environment. Whatever does happen precludes the possibility of repeating the test. But more than that, as Professor Dewey has convincingly argued in a recent number of the New Republic, the idea of picking leaders by such a test assumes not only the unchanging existence of the mind but also an unchanging order of the universe. This is, of course, the same static conception which lies at the base of all aristocracies, beginning and ending with the divine right of kings.

That the application of these tests is a thing worth doing is guaranteed by the fact that it is interesting, and not unlikely to lead to a better understanding of human nature. But that the results can at present be safely translated into a system of education and government is the most fantastic unreality.

HARVEY G. TOWNSEND.

Smith College.

SIR: I have neither the ability nor the desire to insert myself into the Lippmann-Terman controversy. In a clash of wits, in which a gentleman, who must have an IQ of tremendous magnitude since he is quite ready to fix the IQ of the nation, classes Lippmann with Bryan and Voliva, an obscure student had better leave his humble lance hanging on the wall. I would like, however, to make two observations.

First, the mixture of research and teaching in our universities has resulted in conditions of doubtful value. The testing of intelligence is really in the first flush of its research stage. Professor Terman admits that the testers of intelligence are not testing simon pure intelligence. To use his exact words: "their tests do not measure simon pure intelligence but always native ability plus other things, with no final verdict yet as to exactly how much the other things affect the score." If we inquired a little more persistently into native ability we would meet with another husky "x." With this branch of the science in the embryonic state that it is in, why should any dogmatic statements, such as those about the intelligence of the drafted soldier, be made?

If the professors of intelligence testing would burrow into the very interesting field that they are uncovering, there could be no complaint; but their work, tentative and hypothetical as it is, is becoming the table-talk of countless school teachers and social workers, who in their local way can and perhaps are doing much damage by the application of unripe theories. Reporters also have picked up the lingo and use it disastrously.

Professor Terman's position can easily be ridiculed. Imagine an astronomer saying, "We are busy measuring a star. We don't know exactly what star it is. But in the opinion of most astronomers. . . ." One thing is certain. Intelligence testing has great social and political implications. Premature statement is therefore more than dangerous.

Second, Professor Terman ridicules the fact that the intelligence test is an "engine of cruelty." The term is perhaps too harsh. But there is plenty of injustice to be observed by any one who has heard social workers discussing their cases. The writer has been in touch with a case where a woman's children were taken from her because she had been tested and found to have the "mind of a thirteen year old child." The psychologist in passing the judgment did not know what the real consequences of it would be. What goes on inside the woman's mind I do not know, but she was ingenious enough to outwit an apparently wide-awake organization. That there are not other cases, affecting both children and adults, I can neither deny nor affirm, but the probability is that there are.

IRVING GERDY.

Montreal, P. Q.

SIR: Professor Terman's article, The Great Conspiracy, exhibits a deplorable attitude for a self-confessed "scientist" to take; if the article means anything, it means that there are ample grounds for Mr. Lippmann's apprehensions as to the actual objective of some of the intelligence testers. Professor Terman, if animated by the scientific spirit, would have stated fairly, clearly, frankly and with a minimum of jargon his assumptions; these and the deductions drawn from the application of these assumptions are the questions at issue on which ironic invective throws little light.

Aside from the attitude displayed, Professor Terman makes several statements that need explanation and further evidence. For example take the statement that the extension of time limits would not have given many individuals an opportunity to alter their rating. How come? I've taken several intelligence tests and will guarantee to answer any of those so far taken completely and correctly if given sufficient time, barring, of course, questions admitting of several manifestly correct answers, one of which has been chosen by the testers as *the* correct answer.

I appreciate the value of intelligence tests, but that value does not lie in the direction that some psychologists of the school of esoteric knowledge are taking.

A. W.

Chatham, Illinois.

The Passionate Pilgrim

The Merchant of Venice. Lyceum Theatre, January 1, 1923.

Romeo and Juliet. Longacre Theatre. December 7, 1922.

THERE are, as Shakespeare's pilgrim sings, certain signs to know faithful friend from flattering foe. But it is worth while, nevertheless, if you are a lover of Shakespeare, going to The Merchant of Venice to see Mr. David Warfield. You will see an East Side father, an old, tired man, pathetic, pious, hopeless but not stupid, bitter, suffering. Mr. Warfield's impersonation of Shylock lacks power and lacks variety and range, but it has humanity and infinite, patient pathos. Within these gentle, deep limits of his, Mr. Warfield's technical means are exact and admirable. He gives us a very fine and convincing piece of realistic acting.

Anyone interested in Shylock as a racial portrait or commentary must, however, think twice over this result that Mr. Warfield achieves. For my part, measuring it by the range of values in human character, quality or endowment that seem to me most significant and important, I find this comment of Mr. Warfield's, however well meant, more distressing than that of the more traditional Shylock that he avoids. Shylock even in the most exaggerated Elizabethan conception of him has in him power, magnificence. He has an endowment of fire, feeling, mind, avarice, malignity, will, that rises to the superb, to a consummate abundance of living human stuff. He stirs the imagination with his elemental force, as earth, air, water and fire may do. But Mr. Warfield substitutes for the elemental forces a tamer range of values; mild ideas of right and wrong, of justice and conduct, the middle-class necessity for approval. This Jew of his has only pathos, solitude, life driven inward, poisoned, suffering.

And, moreover, such a Shylock as this of Mr. Warfield's throws the artistic quality of the play quite out. In Shakespeare we have—whether he be good or bad, or comic or tragic—a Jew rich with the Renaissance, with the nearby Orient. What Shakespeare's Shylock is, sets up a fight that balances the contending forces of the play. I have seen few things so off, so wrong, as Mr. Warfield's Shylock in the trial scene, that little, bent, heart-breaking figure of the Jew, with his pious, suffering eyes, fawning, relentless,

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sharpening his knife, in the midst of that glittering court and in the face of the silly and delightful legal rubbish that the young lady lawyer with her winning glances has to spring on us. I watched Mr. Warfield and was moved deeply, as I have been sometimes when I saw some old, ragged father on the East Side who stood on the corner peddling to the people he despised in his heart trifles that he scorned and who had in his eyes so much goodness, unapproachable fanaticism, patience, tragic silence and distress. But I felt also that the wrong involved was not so much a matter of the play as of life, a part of the tears of things. And what happened to Shylock in this scene seemed not a legal but a kind of natural justice. Biologically, even, it seemed right and necessary that such a creature—no matter what his wrongs may have been—should be defeated. On the side of the Venetian gentlemen, these senators, these lovers and friends, there was gorgeous vitality, beauty, happiness, open love and the desire for happiness, there was generosity, brave passions and prodigal, abounding life. They might be cruel but they were no more cruel after all than the animal world, no crueller than nature. But this creature that they destroyed so gaily, as birds kill one of their kind sometimes—it was not wholly his fault, but the fact remained that he had no dignity, no taste, no style, no health, no beauty, no volume of creative life, he had only pitiful defeat, thwarted mind and purpose, sick wrongs, and dumb, profound, unwholesome intensity. Shakespeare in the riotous, golden brutality and romance of this scene meant nothing of the kind. Shakespeare meant to supply a fight between powers, not a humiliation of humanity.

It is worthwhile, too—almost as one goes to a museum—going to The Merchant of Venice to see the brocades, the incomparable splendor of the textiles that the actors wear, and to see the reminiscences of Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese in some of the figures on the stage. In themselves—whether they are dramatically wise or not—all these are magnificent. As for the accuracy of the Venetian atmosphere afforded, the results of laborious days on the spot at great expense et cetera, one may put one's tongue in one's cheek. It might easily be passed over as of minor importance in the art of the theatre; but when so much has been said of it, to the sad confusion of the real artistic issue, one may point out that these scenes have no particularly inspired Venetian quality at all; those streets for anything they achieve might as well be in the older quarter of Padua, in Vicenza or even in an Umbrian hill town like Cortona. The column of St. Theodore looks very odd moved into the Doge's Palace. The furniture for the clerks' use must be of sixteenth century Venice, not early Tuscan or Bolognese; and the stalls and the rostrum of the Council Hall be painted not walnut but Venetian Red. As for the dazzling costumes, they range over a hundred years or more, though that does not matter of course; and even if it did, we might easily forgive it for the sake of seeing Mr. Philip Merivale, who not only reads his lines and bears himself so that Bassanio seems intelligent and distinguished, but looks exactly—head, steel corselet, clothes and all—as if he had walked out of a fresco by Gozzoli, and even knows how to hold his right knee like the young man in Botticelli's Primavera.

In the scene, as Shakespeare wrote it, where Bassanio first asks the loan, the two enter with Shylock talking and the request already made. Mr. Belasco gives us ten minutes of music in the lighted synagogue, of street life, elders and women, and Bassanio peeking about, and finally Shylock's entrance and Bassanio explaining something in dumbshow and Shylock suddenly becoming audible over three thousand ducats. This is the extreme instance out of numerous lesser ones of Mr. Belasco's tendency to interfere with Shakespeare. But many of the scenes once they get under way are admirably directed and played.

Miss Barrymore does not give us either Shakespeare's or Juliet's quality. What she is is a comment on the rôle by a woman who might have come out of Sudermann or some other modern dramatist. What Miss Barrymore gives us is not that girl's soul opening like a fiery flower to love and death that Juliet is, but the mature comment of a suffering woman on the meaning and tragedy of love, of passion, as it works in our lives. As such, I found Miss Barrymore's performance, her voice, her presence and her intention, beautiful and moving. However limited in range it may have been, hers was the best performance in the play because it was something significant and essentially true in itself, and with its own integrity. Mr. McKay Morris began well, a stunning fighter, a good voice and stature, but failed to keep any continuity in his playing and failed in his diction and in his reading. Mr. Basil Sydney, after taking the Queen Mab speech with only a partial success, went triumphantly through his remaining scenes; he was witty, grotesque, poetic, gallant and pathetic at once, the only strictly Shakespearean hit of the occasion.

But regardless of the acting and all else, it is worth going to Romeo and Juliet if only to see the progress of the scenes. As they are written the second and third acts of The Merchant of Venice consist of fourteen scenes flashing back and forth from Venice to Portia's house and establishing as they go a rhythm of contrasting incidents. Mr. Belasco lumped the Venetian scenes together and made the Portia scenes into one third act, leaving out Aragon and putting in a forenoon, a night and a next day sunset to mark the passage of time. How strange, then, it is to hear people so mightily objecting to the spaces of Mr. Jones' Shakespearean settings or to their moods, with hot complaints about interference with Shakespeare, and then to hear them purring over the Irving, Tree, Mantell comforts of Mr. Belasco's elaborations, as if—however entertaining these may be—they did not obstruct one of the very fundamentals of Shakespeare's idea, the sequence of his scenes! Whatever Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Jones may otherwise do, they are taking now what is the most necessary and important step for Shakespeare's prosperity, which is—without self-conscious archaism and by methods that, good or bad, are in character with our time—to free the play of everything that obstructs the scheme of place and action that Shakespeare planned.

I sit and watch the Romeo and Juliet—this none too successful production—and gradually I forget all but one thing. What I feel is an intense excitement, an exhilaration of the mind, the poetic faculty, the form sense. How breathless the charm of this genius is! How bravely the piece flows, how free and fresh the dramatic form, how the life here clashes, how passionately its many sides contend and are dashed against each other, what a hot pulse it is, a flame, a darkness! There streams before me the design that Shakespeare made out of the rhythm of images, actions, ideas. Something independent of the words has appeared, something complete in itself, something that in itself conveys a point: I mean the sheer pattern of event, the exciting vitality of line that the scenes afford.

STARK YOUNG.

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America and the Literature of International Law

International Law Chiefly as Interpreted and Applied by the United States, by Charles Cheney Hyde. 2 Vols. Boston: Little Brown & Company. $25.00.

SINCE law publishing was captured by the manufacturers some decades ago, law books have almost ceased to be written. They are usually just edited, or compiled, or pasted together. The fact is but emphasized by the few exceptions like Wigmore on Evidence and Williston on Contracts. International law has been more baffling to the factories, for its raw materials are too scattered and too diverse to be easily run through the grooves of machine industry. American production in this field has been very meagre. In fact, we have made but few contributions in a century of our history. One of our greatest, the scholarly and imaginative Notes to Wheaton by Richard Henry Dana, was withdrawn from circulation soon after it was published; John Bassett Moore's comprehensive Digest has come into general use throughout the world, and the American Journal of International Law is welcomed no less widely. But until Hyde's we have not had a first-rate and adequate treatise on international law which could be compared with Hall's or Oppenheim's or Bonfils's. The appearance of this new treatise would be a noteworthy event, therefore, even if current law-books generally were not so poor as to let it tower above them.

Mr. Hyde approached his task with a spirit and a purpose which should bring him the gratitude of all who are interested in American scholarship. Starting with a professional equipment and experience which many writers on international law have lacked, he devoted himself to his researches in season and out of season for more than a decade. When so many American scholars were leaping on the bandwagon of "national service," he resisted the temptation to be "practical" and stuck to his job. He scoured the libraries, he dug deep into the archives, he pumped the people who were engaged in handling international affairs. In short, he has done a thoroughly scholarly job; he has produced the great American treatise on international law.

Admirably conceived, admirably arranged and admirably finished, his two volumes must at once become the indispensable companion of every student, every lawyer and every official who deals with international law. They would be indispensable if they contained nothing but the references in the footnotes, which constitute the best selected bibliography of international law in existence. But the text itself, in spite of occasional dullness in its style, is a valuable clarification of many a confused topic. The discussion of problems on the border line between international law and our constitutional law, such as the constitutional limitations on the treaty-making power of the United States, is especially helpful. There is little ploughing of virgin soil, imaginative suggestions for new approaches are rare, and isolated political phenomena are perhaps too frequently viewed as instancing the application of general principles. But the conclusions are generally based on a wide observation, a careful reflection and a sound judgment.

Some authors have the responsibility of only their own opinions to consider. But the author of a treatise which is bound to have such wide use as this assumes also responsibility for the opinions of many readers who will treat his book as the "authoritative" stopping-point for investigation. In such cases the rational basis of his thinking becomes very important, and of these a critical judgment is essential. What is international law to Mr. Hyde? Whence does it come? Whither does it lead?

First of all, it is gratifying to find that his conception of his own task is to attempt "primarily to portray what the United States, through the agencies of its executive, legislative and judicial departments, has deemed to be the law of nations." With such a pragmatic aim, Mr. Hyde is free of worry about having no command of a sovereign behind the law which he finds. Nor does he let himself become enmeshed in the verbiage about such metaphysical conceptions as "sovereignty," which has led some of our writers into such vacuous abstractions.

The portrait is a faithful and accurate one, if the projection in the author's mind is accepted. The philosophy of a law of nature which so long dominated the field of international law crops out continually in the fissures of Mr. Hyde's work. Of course, he feels it necessary to disguise the fact. He follows Oppenheim in resorting to a neo-Rousseauist political approach. Thus the basis of international law is made "the consent of the several independent states . . . governed thereby," as if on a fine and glorious morning the peoples of the world had plighted their word by viva voce action. It is the Puritan's "willing covenant of conscious faith." But feeling uncomfortable in his fiction, Mr. Hyde predicates of this "consent" that it is "yielded by necessary implication," and consequently that it has been "irrevocably given." With such a postulate, he falls occasionally into the chains of positivism, and his principles become as "relentless in operation" as if they were mechanical laws.

On this substratum of natural law, the author builds a schematic system of "rights." Every state has a "right to acquire territory," a "right to do justice in its own domain," a "right to expel an alien," a "right to continue existence," a "right to live and develop," a "right to adopt any form of government," and a "right" to determine the extent of its intercourse with other countries. Even before Hohfeld's analysis, the dangers of such an approach had been made clear. But it is particularly misleading when the governance of a people inhabitating a territory is spoken of as "an exclusive right of property and control," and when the language of conveyancers is employed to describe a cession of territory as "an act of surrender by a grantor and one of acceptance by a grantee." In consequence, international law seems to become to Mr. Hyde a kind of over-law, encircling the globe as the atmosphere encircles it, rendering "illegal" treaties which call for acts forbidden by "fundamental principles of justice," and visiting "natural consequences" on "chronically delinquent" states. In such a schematic whole, a treaty may be regarded as an interloper, just as statutes have by so many jurists been regarded as interlopers in the system of the common law. Mr. Hyde tells us that "few treaties are to be regarded as sources of international law."

We need a philosophy of international law most sorely. But it cannot be bottomed on a Grotian conception of natural law long decades after that conception has been overthrown in juristic thinking as to private law. Nor can it stop with the Puritan's "consociation without subordination." Great as is its service in other directions, the present treatise does not fill this need.

Mr. Hyde wrote while the War was rocking the world

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Though he published two years after the armistice, the rocking had not yet died down. He writes of the major problems of the War, therefore, as a contemporary. Yet his treatment is singularly free of the partisanship which marks so many other discussions of the war and international law. Candor at times may be wished for, as with reference to the shift of the United States from neutral to belligerent; and there is a constant attempt to make the general statement fit the recent practice, even to the single instance. The German view of the controverted questions of naval warfare is usually omitted, but this is due to the limited scope of a book, which presents "chiefly" the American point of view.

In fact, a great treatise published two years after the War leaves one altogether sceptical as to the contributions to the clarification of international law since 1914. To Mr. Hyde, the War seems to have "brought home to peoples and statesmen alike a vivid sense of oneness of interest." Yet he is so timid about the League of Nations that he cannot acknowledge it as even a step on the road from "isolation to intimacy," and he has but scant welcome for the Permanent Court of International Justice. Recent history has not discouraged his belief that there are some controversies for which "war affords the only honorable and reasonable mode of adjustment," and he warns that "until the fir tree and the myrtle tree supplant the thorn and the brier, wars may be expected to recur."

The layman who uses this book—and it will prove valuable to laymen as well as to lawyers—may have some doubt about the significance of America's future contributions to the growth of international law. In our early days, while we were a small nation, John Marshall enabled us to contribute the decisions as to neutrality of which Sir William Harcourt once wrote, "No praise too high can be awarded to a body of decisions which for learning, impartiality, logic, and good sense are unsurpassed in judicial annals." But the once sacred tradition of neutrality has been pronounced a thing of the past by President Wilson. Now that we have waxed strong and powerful among the nations, are we preparing to make other contributions in the future? Mr. Hyde has given us an excellent basis for such preparation We now need the work of many more scholars as genuine, as honest-minded and as thorough as he. They will probably try to be more factual, and their law will probably be more functional. They should feel inspired by Mr. Hyde's success to strike out along different lines.

MANLEY O. HUDSON.

Ten Europeans

Eminent Europeans, by Eugene S. Bagger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

WAR, setting fire to the world, illuminated for a moment the dark stage of southeastern Europe. Then clouds of propaganda gathered. "The lands whose main artery is the Danube became fixed in one's consciousness as mysterious caverns whence emanated atrocities, unpronounceable proper names, information bureaus, national councils, and pamphlets, pamphlets, pamphlets, pamphlets." Before long, the Western world lost interest.

What Mr. Bagger tries to do in this book is recover some of that lost interest. He hangs ten portraits in a gallery—"human beings, and not symbols and political abstractions." Marie, Queen of Rumania, is there, with her somewhat obscure husband; Venizelos and the ruddy King he toppled out of power; Masaryk and Beneš, Paderewski, Bratiano, Károlyi, and the White crusader, Horthy. I am sorry the list ends there. I wish Mr Bagger had tried his hand at two more Danube lions: Stambolisky, the fiery, erratic peasant leader in Bulgaria, and Pashitch, crafty, disillusioned and perennial, "the old fox of the Balkans." Nevertheless, Mr. Bagger's list is excellent. And though his nine statesmen and a Queen hail from far-off, rather unimportant countries, they are all good Europeans. As Mr. Bagger says, "England in itself is a world; so is France; but Hungary, or Czechoslovakia, or Rumania, are mere segments of a whole called Europe."

Mr. Bagger takes his brush in hand, with one word of warning before he starts painting. "Comparisons are invidious," he says. "No intelligent and fair-minded critic will charge me with the desire to outdo Mr. Lytton Strachey." That is fair enough. And yet it is inevitable, if only for the similarity in titles between Eminent Europeans and Eminent Victorians, that the comparison with Mr. Strachey will frequently be made. Moreover, Mr. Bagger not only marshals his material in Strachey style; he writes with the same watchful eye on opportunity, always ready to rush in and nail his conclusion with an epigram. Sometimes the feat comes off successfully: "Admiral Horthy is nothing if not unoriginal." "Tisza was a statue, carven in black marble, of the fate of his race—an outpost of Central Asiatic horsemen thrown by some dark remote upheaval into a strange clime and left there to perish or be adapted—or rather to perish by adaptation." Mr. Bagger scores more than once with these swift shots of his. And more than once he misses. "The Russian army ran true to form; that is, it ran." Sometimes you feel that Mr. Bagger, with his mind's eye on Mr. Strachey, is overstraining. He has no cause to worry. Hungarian is his own language, and English an adopted tongue. But he writes it well enough to make these essays first-rate reading.

There is more unevenness, in fact, in what Mr. Bagger has to say, than in the ease with which he says it. Some of these sketches are a little thin. It happens that I agree closely with Mr. Bagger's appraisal of his ten celebrities and their respective usefulness, or lack of use, in Central Europe. I admire his characterization of the rôles they play, and his deft way of portraying it. Even so, I am sometimes disappointed by his failure to use paints and oils enough to give his portraits body. The Paderewski sketch, for instance, has two thousand words of Paderewski; the rest, seventy percent of the whole essay, is padded out with a summary of recent Polish history, some comments on the Poles in general, and a long narration of Mr. Robert Lansing's successive reactions to this pianist who turned politician.

Nor is it only this lugging-in of extraneous material that suggests that Mr. Bagger sometimes hasn't enough worthwhile material, but also his practice, occasionally, of imputing to his people an emotion that fits the essay patly but sounds a little too mechanical to be real. King Ferdinand of Rumania comes to Paris when the war is over. He is a Hohenzollern, but an Ally. "For once in his life, there in Paris, Ferdinand felt like a conqueror" So writes Mr. Bagger; but I doubt if that is true. I have seen little of Ferdinand. But that little bids me think he feels like a conqueror all the time. "In his heart of hearts," says Mr. Bagger, in another of his essays,

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"Paderewski knows that his life has been a failure, a life whose external brilliancy merely deepens the shadow of the internal tragedy." I don't see how Mr. Bagger can be sure of that. He seems sometimes to do the thinking for his characters: Ferdinand is cast as "the King with the Inferiority Complex"; Paderewski as tragedy masked in triumph; both themes may be sound enough, but Mr. Bagger sets about them so enthusiastically that he makes the drama conscious, persuades his protagonists to voice his own hypotheses. And that sometimes robs them of reality, turns them to lay figures, raises doubts in the reader's mind about some of Mr. Bagger's less audacious guesses.

The Paderewski essay is not a fair sample. It is the thinnest of the lot. But throughout the chapters on Marie and Ferdinand, on Beneš, Horthy and Bratiano, I felt that though Mr. Bagger had built up his far-away Danube background realistically, and set his man in front of it with the right light playing on him, I never quite got inside the man's mind and watched the way it tackled facts, or bent before emotions. That is asking too much? No, I don't think so. For Mr. Bagger comes far closer to achieving that result—and so close he has my admiration—in the other portraits in this gallery: Masaryk and Constantine and Venizelos, and above all, that tragic figure born in purple, Michael Károlyi, first and last President of the Hungarian Republic.

I wanted Mr Bagger to go on writing, when I closed his book: go on, first, because some of his chapters needed filling; but go on, in any event, because he is so fair an interpreter of events almost invariably bristling with propaganda; because he is one of the most far-sighted and sophisticated assorters of data now writing on Central European affairs in the American press; and because he is right in his major premise: that for an American public three thousand miles away, the dark stage between the Rhine and Bosphorus will only be lit again by turning on it that interest which always goes with real people, made to live—"human beings, no longer symbols and political abstractions." CHARLES MERZ.

Experiments in Primitive Life

The Promised Isle, by Laurids Bruun. Translated by David Pritchard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.
Frozen Justice, by Ejnar Mikkelsen. Translated by A. G. Jayne. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

THESE little books share an attitude of protest against the evils of civilization. Mr. Bruun's waiter in The Promised Isle follows in the steps of Barrie's Admirable Crichton in showing his superiors how to keep alive under primitive conditions and is the sole means of their return to the civilization without which they cannot live. Mr. Mikkelsen's book is a tragedy of primitive love; but it is also, as the turn of the last chapters shows unmistakably, an indictment of the dealings of the white race with the Eskimos. But aside from this slender link of a common attitude, not so much perhaps against civilization as against the distortion of it which we call by that name, the books are as far apart in spirit and in technique as the Alaska and the South Sea Island that they present.

Mr. Bruun, it is evident from his travel sketches, has visited the South Seas. His little story Van Zanten's Island suggests itself as the germs of Van Zanten's Happy Days, of which The Promised Isle is a pendant. His plan is to make a series. Years before literary fashion invaded the South Seas, he saw the freshness of the material and in Van Zanten's Happy Days produced a striking transcript of it which leaves on my mind much the effect of Gauguin's paintings. Realistic or not, it causes a tingle of new sensations. In The Promised Isle, Mr. Bruun keeps his elaborate framework of editorial comment to bring his island nearer to common experience, but in sharp contrast with the romantic tragedy of the first book, amuses himself with the futile efforts of his painter, musician and poet-dramatist to re-make life according to an ideal of Nature. To what end? We have no sympathy with his four men; they are all caricatures, even the superlative waiter, who is a descendant of the miracle-working Swiss Family Robinson. What we have in the book is, in fact, light satire on the old, old romance of return to the Garden of Eden. It is often bizarre but not without humor. It goes well with a demi-tasse and a cigarette—one more smoke ring tossed into the air by an expert.

Mr. Mikkelsen, on the other hand, is not a practised writer. But he is an Arctic explorer and knows his world. His episodes are crammed with realistic detail. In his whale-hunt, for example, unlike a Melville or a Bullen, he does not merely thrill; he nauseates with the sight, taste, smell and feeling of blood and oil. But the story and the characterization are not so successful. The plot is so incredible as a tale of revenge and magnanimity that I suspect it may be founded upon fact. In that case, Mr. Mikkelsen has fallen into the pit where Aristotle long ago set up a warning signpost; he has not made the improbable, the exceptional, carry conviction of its truth to human nature and experience. He has indeed attacked a problem that seems insoluble. No degree of imaginative insight could tell him or us how an Eskimo thinks and feels. The people in the book have a strange, hybrid psychology, interesting perhaps as an attempt to construct from the outside alien minds, but not successful in making us care deeply about their experiences. As a vivid presentation of a world that fascinates through its unlikeness to our own, the book is worth reading; but notwithstanding some fine passages, it is not a novel of compelling merit.

Both books, however, have the value that attaches to experimentation. Of this we need more if the artistic interpretation of life is to keep step with the exploration of all things by the intellect. EDITH RICKERT.

The Crocodile's Tears

Neighbors Henceforth, by Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

PERHAPS Mr. Wister is at the end of his rope; we hope so. At any rate, this is the end of a trilogy. It is the basest war propaganda, slightly perfumed; a few fig-leaves of "culture" scattered here and there on an otherwise unadorned monster. He is even less in touch with French opinion than M. Clemenceau. France does not want to be the gifted, whipped child moaning in the gutter of Mr. Wister's reveries. She wants to "make good" and be like Herr Stinnes; the Dariac report on the Rhineland puts that beyond question. But our sister republic can scarcely have any objection to this "labor of love."

The war is now over, one must admit, and Mr. Wister's duties have changed since The Pentecost of Calamity was written. With the keenness of the busybody, he has trotted

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over to France in search of the little things—ever so little—which will move us to back up France on the Rhine, at Brussels, in the Ruhr: wherever the juiceless bone might be snatched from the conquering dog. He talks with the common people, his eyes fixed a little above their heads on what he wants to see, his ears stuffed with what he wants to hear. He questions a street-cleaner or a washwoman. What does he get? Tales of hardship, "the Boche is to blame," snippets of war sentiment, scrapings of the plate of war. And what does he conclude? Something is wrong with the wheels and valves of the Treaty, the great wrecking machine; it hasn't worked. The Hun, the Hun, he ululates: we, the torch-bearers of civilization, should have carried the torch to Berlin and set fire to the Kronprinzenpalais with it, and trampled, we suppose, on the faces of Mr. Thomas Mann and the late Artur Nikisch. No mention of the secret treaties or the blockades, no mention of Lord Grey or M. Delcassé or the Tsar, no mention of. . . .

Mr. Wister has developed his gullibility and excitability as if they were talents; they have become deformities. A collection could be made of such wild men, the legitimate prey of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and other psychoanalytical critics. It would be a significant phase of Americana, a parallel of Barnum's dog-faced woman and Siamese Twins: Voliva who pronounces the earth flat in schoolbooks, Carrie Nation, the lady with an axe, the great barsmasher, the Rev. Billy Sunday, Mr. Comstock or even a later suppressionist, and last (and perhaps least) Mister Wister. Carrie Nation may be revered; but the war is plainly Mr. Wister's war, and worse than prohibition; and a dead lioness is more to be praised than a living propagandist.

GLENWAY WESCOTT.

Much That Should Be Forgotten

History of Trade Unionism in the United States, by Selig Perlman. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

NEARLY a century ago in the spring of the year 1825, six hundred journeymen carpenters in Boston threw down their tools and walked out for the principle of the ten hour day. This revolutionary demand called forth no small protest from the good burghers of Boston. It was contended that the strike for the ten hour day would open "a wide door for idleness and vice;" the foreign origin of the agitation was broadly hinted at; it was declared that all combinations intending to regulate the value of labor were unjust and injurious to the public at large; that they contravened fundamental economic laws; in brief, that the masters deserved support and that the journeymen deserved a beating. Which they got. In 1922 they are still getting beatings on the same grounds except that in some cases the demand has marched from ten hours to eight. Two hours in a century and the ideology of the defence unchanged. . . .

At this point I laid down Mr. Perlman and took up Mr. Wells in order to recover my perspective. Refreshed, I proceeded, only to fall over another precipice. In 1828, the Labor Party, with state-wide political organization, was campaigning in New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. And, to make matters worse, it is recorded that "the Labor Party was decidedly unfortunate in its choice of intellectuals." The Party toiled, ran up a large vote, and was in good season soundly beaten.

In the depression following the panic of 1837, there were no more labor unions and no more labor parties; but the routed labor movement was granted at least one boon —"it was dominated in the forties, by men and women from the educated classes who served in the capacity of expert astrologers." Albert Brisbane, Horace Greeley, the Brook Farm people, all had the problems of labor much at heart. Their main approach to the problem lay in the line of efficiency engineering. Following Fourier, they proposed, with labor's aid, to meet the issue of industrial disorganization and competitive waste. Having just given some little attention to waste myself under the impression that I was blazing a trail in the wilderness, at this point in Mr. Perlman's narative, I sank for the third and last time.

To the tender-minded, who, like myself, firmly believe in the great new forward movements of the day, this book is not to be recommended. It is fact an intolerable book. To the tough-minded, I suppose it gives a clear hard picture of much that should be forgotten. Above all should be forgotten the relentless train of circumstances which have made the A. F. of L. what it is, and Mr. Gompers act the way he does. Mr. Perlman has rendered no service at all to us one hundred percent idealists; all he has done is to uncover a discouraging number of hard facts.

STUART CHASE.

A Correction

Lewis M. Terman, head of the department of psychology at Stanford University, whose The Great Conspiracy appeared in the December 27th issue of the New Republic, has recently been elected president of the American Psychological Association for 1923.

Contributors

H. M. KALLEN was a teacher of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin for a number of years and is now on the staff of the New School for Social Research. He is the author of William James and Henri Bergson, Zionism and World Politics, etc.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER, who occasionally contributes verse to the New Republic and other periodicals, is a teacher of English in Harvard University.

LILLIAN SEGALL KOPELOFF is in charge of the research department of biological chemistry at the New York State Psychiatric Institute, Ward's Island, New York City.

NICHOLAS KOPELOFF is director of the research department of bacteriology of the same institution.

HENRY S. CHURCHILL is an architect and a member of the American Institute of Architects.

SUSAN GLASPELL has just returned from an eight months' stay in Greece. She has had considerable experience as a journalist and, more recently, has been associated with the Provincetown Players. She is the author of a number of plays, Trifles (with George Cram Cook), Suppressed Desires, Inheritors, etc.

HUBERT C. HERRING is minister of the United Church, Wichita, Kansas.

MANLEY O. HUDSON is a professor in the Harvard Law School. He was attached to the International Law Division of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace and is a member of the legal section of the Secretariat of the League of Nations.

CHARLES MERZ, who has been on the editorial staff of the New Republic and the New York World, has recently returned from the Near East.

EDITH RICKERT teaches contemporary literature at the University of Chicago and is the author of several novels and, with J. M. Manly, of Contemporary British Literature and Contemporary American Literature.

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